

FIFTY CENTS


AUGUST 13, 1973

TIME

A man with a wide smile, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt over a red turtleneck, holds a large, dark fish with white spots (likely a northern pike) by a red string. He is on a boat, with another person visible in the background. The background shows a calm lake and distant green hills under a clear sky.

The Good Life In Minnesota

Gov. Wendell Anderson



A gift of diamonds need not be expensive. Your jeweler can show you many exciting pieces starting as low as \$100.
De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd. A diamond is forever.

Okay, you're another
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your friend Karen
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than any blush you
blushed at twenty-one.

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If Colgate is just a kid's cavity fighter, how come Billie Jean King won't brush with anything else?



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Ask Billie Jean King. She wouldn't think of brushing with anything else.



Colgate
with MFP..the
breath-freshening
cavity fighter.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The possibility that Minnesota, our cover subject this week, is America's most civilized state began to dawn on Chicago Bureau Chief Gregory H. Wierzynski last year while he was covering pre-election politics in Minneapolis and St. Paul.

What first impressed Wierzynski was the civility and fairness of the precinct caucuses he had been observing. In Chicago, he thought, similar meetings would have been punctuated by shouting and fist-fights. Later, as he was packing to leave his Minneapolis hotel and return to Chicago, he watched an early evening news report "of snowmobile accidents, city council resolutions and a pronouncement by the Governor. It was intensely local," Wierzynski recalls, "and, I thought at the moment, boring." He arrived home that night, just in time for the sort of late evening television news to which he was more accustomed. "This version," he says, "was also intensely local; it featured a series of scandals, murders, police corruption, and so forth. I sat there astounded. After the short trip to the Twin Cities, I suddenly realized that things did not have to be this way."



MINNESOTA'S ANDERSON



BUREAU CHIEF WIERZYNSKI

That realization prompted Wierzynski to suggest a cover story on the good life in Minnesota, an idea that sounded particularly appealing to our Manhattan-based editors. Setting out to document his convictions, Wierzynski went back to Minnesota, accompanied by Correspondent Dick Woodbury. They traveled to big cities and small towns, through virgin forests and across sparkling lakes and rivers, interviewing more than 100 Minnesotans—many of whom were anxious to continue talking about their state over dinner and into the evening. In fact, Minnesota's Governor Wendell Anderson and his wife Mary insisted that Wierzynski stay with them and get to know them as a family.

Associate Editor Lane Morrow, who wrote the story, was another beneficiary of Anderson's Minnesota-style hospitality. During a week that Morrow spent in the state, he found himself in Duluth one night to hear the Governor address a group of steelworkers. Duluth was also playing host to a convention of Lions, and there wasn't a hotel room in town. Anderson, whose staff had rented a small suite as an afternoon headquarters, promptly turned the rooms over to Morrow for the night.

Reporter-Researcher Alexandra Rich did not travel to Minnesota for the story, but she is no stranger to the state; she has been visiting her Minnesota relatives ever since she was a child. "Each trip to Minnesota," she says, "reminds me that there is a place in America where you can still enjoy uncrowded streets, undisturbed natural beauty and a sense of comfort and security."

Ralph P. Davidson

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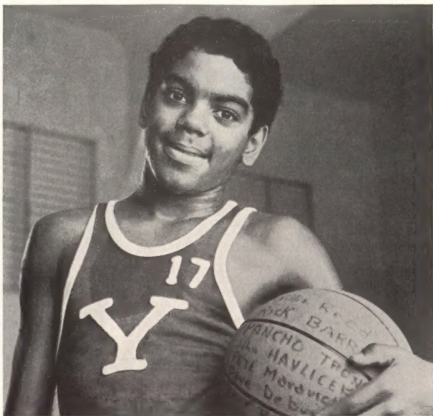
And Squirt is the lively mixer that's made from real live grapefruit.

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team one of the United Way member agencies has formed. He takes a lot of pride in his skill—and well he might. This year his team won the championship at the International Junior Basketball Tournament at Indianapolis, Indiana.

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LETTERS

Impeachment

Sir / If, as Gallup says, the majority of Americans believe the President culpable but overwhelmingly oppose impeachment (July 23), that is a sad commentary on the complexity of modern life.

If Nixon is indeed guilty and arrogantly refuses to resign, then he is a threat to the liberty of every American. In such a case, impeachment is the only recourse the Constitution provides. The process is fraught with uncertainty, and it is reasonable that people should fear it. But it seems strange that a nation quick to war against imagined enemies abroad should be afraid to protect its freedoms against subversion by its own leaders.

DON B. WITTENBERGER
Seattle

Sir / While I must readily admit that Mr. Dean's testimony appears quite damaging on the surface, if one looks at it closely it contains nothing that would support impeachment if not corroborated by others very close to Mr. Nixon.

CLARENCE J. ROBERTS III
Baton Rouge, La.

Sir / Nixon can never bring us together now; at the very best, he can only keep us dangling in this awful limbo.

DONALD F. SCOTT
Pocatello, Idaho

Sir / On the matter of impeachment: this country has survived a Civil War, two World Wars, a Depression, and a dozen or so assassinations. I think it could survive an impeachment. Such action could in fact strengthen the country by demonstrating that no one is above its laws.

RICHARD RYVEN
Madison, Wis.

Other Reflections on Watergate

Sir / The U.S. appears to have come full circle on the eve of its bicentennial. President Nixon implies that he is not answerable to the people as represented by the Senate investigating committee. He answers only to God. This was and is the answer of all dictators, tyrants and absolute monarchs. What a sad and sobering thing to see in a modern democratic state.

JOHN BLAIS
Ottawa

Sir / Why all the excitement over Watergate? What is taking place in Washington these days is simply a reflection of ourselves and that creed we have adopted as being gospel: Win!

We pay homage to those who advance that creed through testimonials, tributes, fame and adulation. We scramble for tickets to fill the stadiums and fieldhouses of those institutions and organizations that adopt the win-at-all-cost philosophy.

It is time that we look to other things in the education of our kids. We have an obligation to teach that the journey, not only the destination, is what life is about.

FRED HEINLEN
Baseball Coach
Shaker Heights Senior High School
Shaker Heights, Ohio

Sir / I stayed with Nixon all the way, even though thinking him guilty, until about two weeks ago when I saw he was continuing his old ways instead of housecleaning the leftovers in the White House, etc. I see no

real change, just in me. I am turncoating. Now I don't believe anything he says.

I voted for him. I was wrong. But I didn't like McGovern at the time and still don't. Lord only knows what we really should have done.

MARY D. ISRAEL
Shermans Dale, Pa.

Sir / By crippling the President of the U.S., you cripple the U.S., yourselves and myself. This reflects poorly on your wisdom.

JAMES J. DUFFY
Livonia, Mich.

Living with Scandal

Sir / Re your "Learning to Live with the Scandal" (July 16): too bad the media's new role as savior does not prevent the indecencies of harassment, persecution and exploitation of personal tragedy that have so long characterized reporting.

SCHUYLER YATES
Toledo

Sir / I do feel sorry for the Watergate children. I wonder if their fathers feel sorry for my children, whose confidence in America's political leadership they have shattered.

WILLIAM M. DAVID JR.
Westminster, Md.

The Freeze and the Thaw

Sir / There has never been an article that depressed me so much as "A Threat of Food Shortage" (July 9) along with the picture of a farmer, a contented expression on his face, killing baby chicks.

There is only one man I can think of to thank for that: Mr. Nixon.

LESLIE SMITH
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sir / I think it's a good move on President Nixon's part to thaw the price freeze on food, so that we'll not have to worry about the food shortage we were all warned about. However, when this thaw does occur and the food is plentiful, I fear no one will be able to afford any of it.

ALLISON CAINE
Los Angeles

Fallacious Files

Sir / The FBI's treatment of Government criminal files is just another sign of Big Brother's taking over (July 23). So they record arrests as well as convictions? How many people—possibly victims of unwarranted and/or illegal arrests—have their records tainted by a fallacious FBI file? There should be a federal law permitting each citizen to inspect (and correct, if necessary) any possible FBI file held in his name. Bravo to Massachusetts' Governor Francis W. Sargent!

WILLIAM G. PENNER
Alliance, Neb.

Work or Welfare

Sir / In "The Rewards of Poverty" (July 23), you reported on two studies: one which showed that public-welfare programs in New York City can discourage work by providing high benefits and by making work financially unprofitable; and one which showed that welfare recipients are very like working nonrecipients in the sense of having

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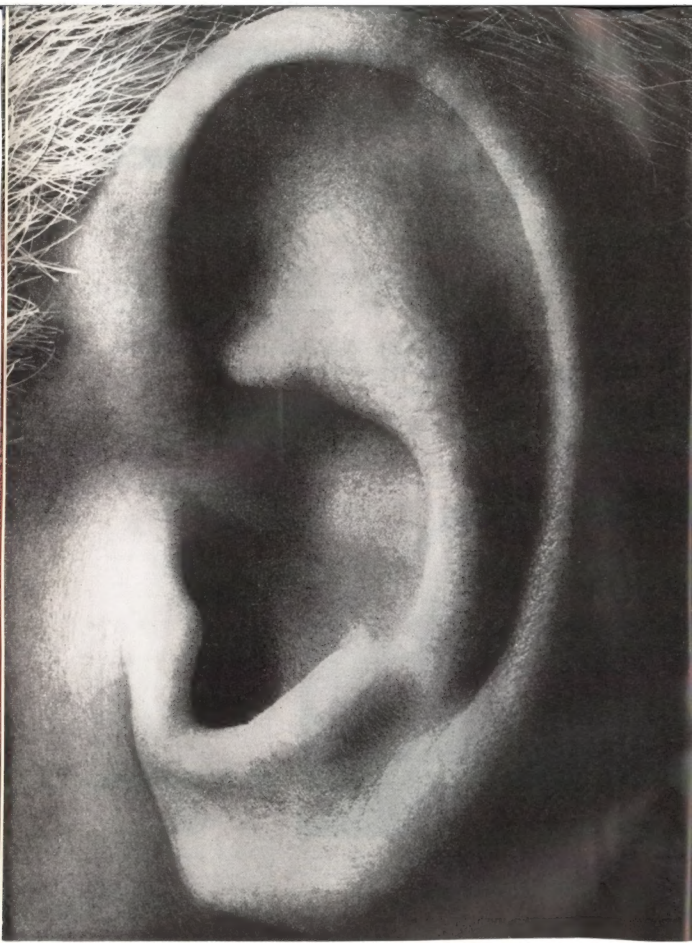
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LETTERS

limited opportunities to earn good wages.

The article did not state the implications of these findings for welfare-reform policy. In my judgment, they lead us to the following conclusions:

1) It is inequitable to provide one group of the poor more for not working than others earn.

2) To eliminate this inequity we must supplement the incomes of poor workers — men and women alike. Most of the poor do work, for whatever portion of the year and at whatever wages. Thus they require partial income supplementation, not total welfare support. This means that the old dichotomy between work or welfare is counterproductive and must go.

MARTHA W. GRIFFITHS

Chairman,
Subcommittee on Fiscal Policy
Joint Economic Committee
United States Congress
Washington, D.C.

False Equation

Sir/Don't the Chicago promoters of Watergate bracelets [July 23] realize that there are many people still wearing the true P.O.W.-M.I.A. bracelets? These people hope that something will soon be done to identify the thousands of American men still unaccounted for in Southeast Asia. To equate in any way the dregs of American politics with the brave men who were prisoners and those still missing is abominable.

SUSAN L. YOUNG
Boston

The Meaning of Helga Sue

Sir/Your article about Helga Sue's escapades [July 16] exposes the ultimate problem in education today: teacher and administrative apathy. The sense of alienation

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revealed in Helga Sue's creation cannot be compensated for by mod courses (same issue), smoking rooms, open campuses, etc., as so many panicky systems have been attempting to do, but by a sense of appreciation and respect for the student as a fellow human being.

MURIEL B. ROSENBERG
Natick, Mass.

Next Prex

Sir / The Watergate spectacle has introduced us all to a number of shrewd congressional faces we may have had little knowledge of: Senators Inouye, Baker, Ervin, Weicker. Watching them, I have wondered why none of them has been proposed to the public as a presidential possibility. And a poll tells us Senator Kennedy is an odds-on favorite for the '76 Democratic Convention. Why does our system stress familiarity over merit?

RALPH L. WEST JR.
Philadelphia

Sir / Baker has to be the most dynamic and honest politician to enter the American political arena since John and Robert Kennedy.

MARY LEE CASEY
Belleville, Ont.

Sir / I predict that some years from now the first woman President of the U.S. will be Julie Nixon Eisenhower. I further predict that she will prove extremely successful.

HELEN HERICK MATHESON
Seattle

Forced Sterilization

Sir / As a welfare worker, I cannot condone the methods used in obtaining permission for the sterilization of Mary Alice Relf (July 23). I am, however, in favor of sterilization of the retarded. I am far less concerned with the loss of the right of choice than I am with the physical and mental damage I have seen in children raised by retarded parents who are unable to provide proper care.

DAVID M. SPIWAK
Bloomington, Pa.

Sir / Above and beyond the debate on whether or not Mrs. Relf knew what she was agreeing to is the issue of her right to make this decision at all. Should any parent have the power to authorize the performance of this type of surgery on his or her child without a medical emergency or other genuinely unusual circumstance?

ANITA M. SELOANE
Atlanta

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When little Betania first came to our affiliated Children's Home in Brazil, she was nine months old and so undernourished her skin broke at the slightest touch. Her destitute mother had fed Betania on water sweetened with sugar—nothing else.

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You will receive complete instructions telling you how to write direct to your child. Then will come a happy day when you receive a reply from your child—the

original and an English translation.

You may be wondering: just what does my \$12 a month provide? Well, this depends on the Project. The child—like Betania—may live in an Orphanage which receives aid from other sources, but still must struggle to give children the basic needs of life. Your gifts help make possible the extra advantages so necessary to a child in today's world... shoes that fit, school books, nourishing food, a loving housemother.

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So please look again at the picture of little Betania. She is only one of thousands of children who need someone to care. Let a child know about your love. Why wait another day? Thanks so much.

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U.S. BOMBS STRIKE ENEMY POSITIONS AS CAMBODIA PARATROOPERS DEFEND PHNOM-PENH

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Stopping Snoopers

It takes 346 pages to spell out the ways in which individual privacy can be protected from overzealous snoopers in this electronic age. That is the length of a report submitted by a federal advisory commission last week urging the establishment of five basic principles: 1) no system for recording data about people should be kept secret; 2) anybody should be able to find out what the records say about him and how the information is being used; 3) anybody should be able to correct errors in the records; 4) information collected about a person for one purpose should not be used for another; 5) any organization keeping records on people should be sure the data are reliable and are not misused.

Backing the conclusions, HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger declared that "nothing shall take precedence over an individual's constitutionally guaranteed rights." Well said, but do the new guidelines apply retroactively to all the people whose records were compiled in the White House in violation of every one of those principles?

The Mafia Afloat

To escape Government snoopers hounding them, the Mafia have discovered a new hiding place: the high seas. Like their piratical forebears, they have found a refuge where bullets and bugs are not easily lodged. As one *Mafioso* told another (in a bugged telephone conversation): "We can talk on the water

because it ain't possible to bug a boat."

Not very easily anyway. So reveling in their new-found security, brine-bitten *capos* can be seen piloting sleek craft off Long Island, putting proudly into port in Brooklyn and The Bronx. Though they favor yachts, one captain's converted Coast Guard cutter, while another is suspected of navigating a lobster boat—long after the lobster season has ended. Not every mobster can afford to "suffer a sea change into something rich and strange." The less affluent Gallo brothers, still recovering from the decimation of their gang, have to be content to splash around in a swimming pool they have built in Brooklyn, where there is always the danger of running into a water bug or two.

Historicity Denied

Mrs. Emma Wygal of La Habra, Calif., was owed some past-due payments on a land sale, and she asked a young local lawyer to collect them for her. He did, and charged her only \$5 for his services. The year was 1939, and the fledgling attorney was Richard Nixon. Not long ago, a group of La Habra citizens concluded that the site of that transaction ought to be preserved, so they collected some money, titled themselves Nixon Law Office Preservation, Inc., and applied to the California Historical Landmarks Advisory Committee to have the building designated a historic landmark.

Out of the question, said the committee, because the site lacks "statewide significance and impact." After some research, the La Habra group found that

other sites that have been approved include "a place where a bandit was hanged and the grave of a camel driver," and decided to appeal the decision.

Ghetto Homesteaders

The original Homestead Act, passed in 1862, offered free Western land to tens of thousands of people bottled up in the East and helped to change the face of America. Last month another Homestead Act was passed in Philadelphia—not so far-reaching as the first, perhaps, but dramatic in its implications. It urges people not to go West to open land but to stay East, as it were, in the troubled heart of the ghetto. The city is selling abandoned houses for \$1 apiece to anybody of limited income who is willing to fix up one of them and live in it for five years.

The city has been deluged with more than 2,000 applications from hearty homesteaders who are anxious to make a new start in the least likely of places. There are far from enough houses to meet the demand. So far, the city has acquired only 1,031 lots with 562 available houses, but there are 36,000 abandoned homes in Philadelphia, at least half of which are in good enough condition to be rehabilitated. Given the hazards of slum life, loans to refurbish the houses will have to be made by public-spirited corporations. But then, the first homesteaders were never promised a rose garden. The new law is a bold response to the grim urban paradox of a shortage of adequate housing accompanied by the abandonment of structurally sound homes.

The Odd Pause That Wasn't

For exactly six hours and ten minutes one day last week, Associate Justice William O. Douglas of the U.S. Supreme Court outlawed the American bombing of Cambodia. That was not quite long enough to stop the actual bombing, of course. Nor was Douglas' action much of a legal landmark, since it was overturned later the same day by one of his colleagues, with the backing of the other members of the Supreme Court. Nonetheless, it was the latest and certainly the oddest of a growing number of battles between the Nixon Administration and both the Legislative and Judicial Branches of the Federal Government, the most historic of which is over Nixon's tapes and documents (see following story).

War Power. In a compromise with Congress the President had already agreed to end the Cambodian bombing by Aug. 15. That was not soon enough for Congresswoman Elizabeth Holtzman, a Brooklyn Democrat, and four Air Force officers. They brought suit seeking to force the President to halt the bombing on the strictly constitutional grounds that only Congress has the power to declare war and that an air war on Cambodia was undeclared. The Government contended that the bombing was "part and parcel of a war that has continued for many years."

Two weeks ago Federal District Judge Orrin Judd ruled in Brooklyn that the bombing was "unauthorized and unlawful." His ruling was quickly made temporarily ineffective by the Second Circuit Court of Appeals, and a few days later Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, stressing procedural grounds rather than the merits of the case, permitted the bombing to continue.

That set the stage for the latest chapter in the case, which began last

Wednesday night when an attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union, Norman Siegel, 29, flew from Washington, D.C., to Seattle, then drove 145 miles to Goose Prairie, Wash., site of Douglas' rustic summer retreat.

Douglas agreed to hold a hearing the next day in Yakima. There, in a musty courtroom, he listened to arguments by the A.C.L.U. and by two hastily summoned Government lawyers. When Dean Smith, the U.S. Attorney from Spokane, asserted that the Aug. 15 cutoff date had been aimed at averting a confrontation between the President and Congress, Douglas replied: "We live in a world of confrontation. That's what the whole system is about."

The hearing over, he retired to write an opinion, which was released at 9:30 the following morning by the Supreme Court in Washington, D.C. Treating the matter as a capital case, since it involved the lives of American airmen as well as Cambodian peasants, Douglas wrote: "I do what I think any judge would do in a capital case—vacate the stay entered by the Court of Appeals."

Abandonment. Only ten minutes after the decision was released, Deputy Solicitor General Daniel Friedman entered the court and handed the clerk the Government's request for a new stay order. Chief Justice Warren Burger suggested that Justice Marshall, who supervises the Second Circuit, should handle the matter, and began sounding out other members of the High Court on the issue. Marshall reached the court by 11 a.m. Some four hours later, after conferring by telephone with other Justices, Marshall issued an order that permitted the bombing to continue. In effect, the Justices informally voted 8-1 to bring an end to the Douglas bombing pause; they decided on technical grounds, avoiding the ponderous constitutional issues. The next step will come this week when the Second Circuit hears the Government's appeal of the district court's order halting the bombing.

There was no respite, however, in the controversy over the continuing U.S. role in Cambodia. The President served notice last week that he would respect his commitment to Congress to suspend the bombing on Aug. 15. But, in a letter to congressional leaders, he warned that the bombing cutoff represented the "abandonment of a friend" and could have "dangerous potential consequences" elsewhere in Asia, particularly in Thailand.

To congressional critics, the President's message appeared to be an attempt to shift to Congress the blame and responsibility if the Cambodian government of President Lon Nol should fall to the Khmer rebel forces



DOUGLAS IN GOOSE PRAIRIE
A minority of one.

some time after Aug. 15 (see *THIS WORLD*). Many Congressmen were also upset about the Administration's recently revealed secret bombing of Cambodia in 1969 and 1970 (*TIME*, July 30). General Earle G. Wheeler, former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, defended the policy before the Senate Armed Services Committee last week, arguing: "Secrecy has been in vogue in the military for centuries."

The Administration justified the secrecy on the grounds that the bombing had been approved by Prince Sihanouk, the Cambodian ruler at the time, who was then having to live with North Vietnamese troops inside his country, and that the U.S. had not wanted to force him into having to protest the bombing. But the secrecy outraged a number of Congressmen. Iowa Senator Harold Hughes called it "a deliberate attempt by the Administration to conceal the bombing because they were afraid of public reaction," and Senator Stuart Symington charged the Administration with spending \$145 million—which he calculated as the cost of the secret bombing—"under false pretenses." The Pentagon, surprisingly, replied that the real cost of the secret bombing in Cambodia and Laos during that period was \$1.5 billion.



"Three thousand, six hundred and seventy-two statements and statistics released to the press, three hundred appearances before special investigating committees... and not a grain of truth in any of it. Congratulations, Colonel."

The Battle for Those Tapes Begins

Momentarily overshadowed by Justice Douglas' abortive stay of the bombing of Cambodia, Nixon's more important court confrontation—over presidential tapes and documents relating to Watergate—was being joined. At 10 a.m. Tuesday, the White House was to deliver its legal brief to Judge John J. Sirica (see box), arguing that the President has the absolute power to decide when the national welfare is best served by the release of presidential documents. Therefore, went the argument, the President can ignore Special Watergate Prosecutor Archibald Cox's subpoena of tape recordings of seven presidential meetings and one telephone conversation about Watergate.

Then Cox will have five days to file a reply. He was expected to argue that there is no general concept of Executive privilege implied in the Constitution. Moreover, even if such a privilege exists, he was prepared to argue, Nixon waived it by 1) allowing past and present aides to testify before the Ervin committee about their private conversations with him, and 2) by permitting H.R. Haldeman, a private citizen since his departure as White House chief of staff, to listen to tapes of presidential meetings. After receiving the Cox reply and giving the White House an op-

portunity to rebut it, Sirica will schedule oral arguments in the case.

Some time this week, the Senate Watergate committee also intends to deliver to the same court its suit demanding that Nixon turn over tapes and other documents relevant to Watergate. Unlike Cox, the committee faces the possibility that the courts may duck its dispute with the President. Indeed, one leading professor of constitutional law, Yale's Alexander M. Bickel, considered the proposition so dicey that he recommended that the committee seek legislation giving the courts jurisdiction in the case. Ervin rejected this course, however, because it would be time-consuming and, as one committee staffer put it, "tantamount to an impeachment proceeding against the President."

As the lawyers on all sides prepared their briefs, interest in the tapes remained intense. Late last month, Sindlinger & Co., a public-opinion research firm in Swarthmore, Pa., queried a sampling of Americans by telephone and found that 51% thought the tapes should be released to the Watergate committee; 34% did not. As interpreted by Haldeman, the two tapes he heard demonstrate that Nixon knew nothing of the Watergate cover-up at the time of the meetings. Though unconvinced



by Haldeman's testimony, the Senators suspected that they were walking into a White House trap in their quest for the tapes. One theory, called "Paranoid Scenario No. 1" by New York City's *Village Voice*, is that Nixon—despite his statements to the contrary—really wants the tapes made public because they support his version of events; his refusal to release them now is designed to build up the drama.

Thus all of the contenders were ready for the first courtroom engage-

Judge Sirica: The First Test

As much as any man, Judge John J. Sirica, 69, is responsible for what the nation is learning about Watergate. It was he who presided over the trial of the Watergate Seven and, by delaying sentencing, persuaded James McCord to break ranks with his fellow convicted burglars and talk in hopes of a lesser jail term. Watergate has been unraveling in full view ever since. Fittingly, it has fallen to Judge Sirica to referee this week the first full round in the battle for the White House tapes, now under subpoena by both the Senate Watergate committee and Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. It may be among Sirica's last major decisions as a district-court judge; on his 70th birthday next March, he must decide between retirement and stepping down to senior-judge status.

During the Watergate Seven trial, Sirica won a reputation as the feisty judge who asked the questions that the prosecutors would not touch. But to courthouse regulars, he has long been known as "Maximum John" for his tough sentences.

The son of an immigrant Italian barber, Sirica entered Georgetown Law School straight from high school and financed his schooling by working as an athletics instructor for the Knights of Columbus and as an occasional exhibi-



JUDGE SIRICA & DAUGHTER EILEEN

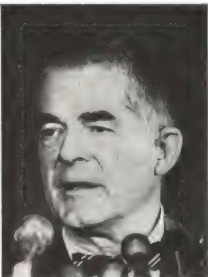
tion boxer. As a semipro pugilist, he became a friend of Jack Dempsey's and accompanied the Manassa Mauler on bond drives across the U.S. during World War II.

A lifelong Republican, Sirica served as a regular speechmaker for the Republican National Committee, crossing the country delivering hundreds of campaign addresses in behalf of Alf Landon in 1936 and Wendell Willkie in

1940. During the '40s, he served for a time as counsel to a congressional investigation of the Federal Communications Commission but quit after charging that White House pressure on Democratic Congressmen was turning the investigation into a charade.

Sirica's partisan politicking came to an end in 1957 when President Dwight Eisenhower appointed him to the federal bench. By virtue of seniority, he became chief judge for the D.C. district court two years ago. In that position, he could have assigned the Watergate trial to one of 14 other fellow district judges. Instead, Sirica appointed himself to preside over the case.

As Watergate judge, Sirica seemed determined to demonstrate that even though he was a Republican he would not be a party to any whitewash at the trial. He often ignored the niceties of courtroom protocol, interrupting prosecutor and defense counsel alike to question a witness or nail down a fact. At one point, Defendant G. Gordon Liddy's lawyer, Peter Maroulis, stood to offer an objection, but Liddy waved him down and whispered in his ear. Said Sirica sarcastically: "I see you're getting some good legal advice from your client, the former attorney." Maroulis again bounded to his feet at this implication that Liddy had already been disbarred. Sirica dismissed him



PROSECUTOR ARCHIBALD COX
Readying his arguments.

ment in what is expected to be a historic constitutional struggle. Although there was some speculation that Sirica might be able to reach a decision within three weeks on Cox's petition, the case is certain to reach the Supreme Court on appeal. Only a definitive decision by that court will be accepted as binding by the President, the White House has said, which means that the issue will probably not be resolved before fall unless a compromise is worked out along the way up the ladder of the courts.

brusquely: "All right, he's still a lawyer admitted to the bar. I'll grant you. Now let's get on with it."

A bachelor until he was 47, Sirica now has three children (aged ten to 20) and with his wife Lucile leads a quiet life in a fashionable Northwest Washington neighborhood. "I had two loves in life," he says, recalling the words of an old law-school professor, "but Prohibition took care of one of them, and old age took care of the other."

Sirica rises at 5 each morning to begin his voracious consumption of newspapers and magazines, concentrating primarily on the opinion pages. After his morning's work in court, he has lunch in his office, then naps for an hour. Bothered recently by a pinched back nerve, Sirica tries to keep fit by walking three or four miles a day and when not detained by a court case, leaves early in the afternoon for a sauna at the Congressional Country Club.

Since the Watergate trial, Sirica has been quietly relishing his new prominence on the Washington banquet circuit and the approval shown in a flood of speaking invitations. Though some of his critics have accused him of judicial overreach, most concede that his honesty and independence have been established beyond doubt. "My slogan is: do what you think is right at the moment," Sirica observes. "It usually works out."

THE HEARINGS

Counterattack and Counterpoint

The White House counterattack on the Watergate hearings was under way. At a state dinner honoring Japan's Premier Kakuei Tanaka, without directly mentioning the scandal, President Nixon declared: "Let others spend their time dealing with the murky, small, unimportant, vicious little things. We have spent our time and will spend our time in building a better world." Moments later, he deplored again "the petty little indecent things that seem to obsess us."

It was an extraordinary and almost unbelievable reflection of the President's state of mind and sense of values: dismissing as small and unimportant acts of perjury, bribery, bribery, abuse of campaign funds and attempts to mislead and interfere with elections, courts, prosecutors, the FBI and CIA—all admitted and committed or condoned by at least some high officials or presidential aides. There was also a sense of detachment to the point of unreality about the statement, as if the "murky, vicious" things had been committed far away from the White House in some obscure corner of the land and the investigators, rather than doing their obvious duty, were perversely dragging them into public view.

Shaky Memory. A counterattack was also under way in the hearings as the White House presented its most effective defender so far: a polite, low-keyed and occasionally apologetic H.R. Haldeman. The much feared former White House chief of staff, so often described as the President's dour and whip-cracking office guardian, answered questions with a seeming directness, patience and on occasion with an engaging grin. The performance was in contrast to the defiant, cleverly evasive witness who had preceded him: John Ehrlichman. Yet before the week's hearings were over, both Ehrlichman and Haldeman had been challenged by the testimony of four CIA or FBI officials.

For a man whose mastery of detail terrified any subordinate who overlooked the most minute assignment, Haldeman had a shaky memory. He treated many of the charges against him as though they were too insignificant to be remembered. Among them:

Was it true, as John Dean, the President's fired counsel, testified, that Dean had reported to him about Convicted Wiretapper G. Gordon Liddy's bizarre political espionage plans as early as February 1972? Haldeman: "I don't have a recollection." Had he seen a memo prepared for him by his assistant Gordon Strachan indicating former Attorney General John Mitchell's approval of a \$300,000 budget for Liddy's "sophisticated intelligence-gathering plan"? "I don't recall." Did he recall reading a "talking paper" about this plan given him by Strachan for a meet-

ing with Mitchell? "No, I do not."

After the arrests at the Watergate, was it true, as Strachan testified, that Haldeman ordered him to "clean the files"? "I don't recall the conversation." Did Strachan, again as he testified, report to Haldeman that he had destroyed Watergate-related files? "No, sir, I don't recall a report from him."

Haldeman was more emphatic in making a few flat denials. He said that both Dean and Jeb Stuart Magruder, former Nixon campaign deputy, were wrong in testifying that on separate occasions they had told him that Magruder intended to commit perjury.

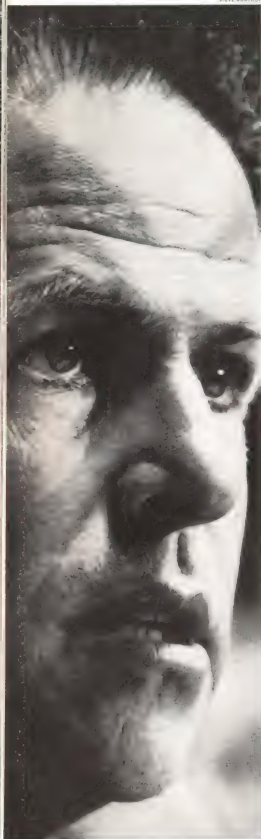
Haldeman's explanation on another area of possible personal complicity was unconvincing. He said that he had been told by Dean that the Nixon re-election committee needed cash funds to pay legal fees for the men arrested at the Watergate. Haldeman had control of some \$350,000 belonging to the committee that he wanted to return, although this was complicated by changes in the campaign funding laws. He admitted suggesting to Dean that "both problems" could be met by transferring this money to the committee. But he insisted, under rough questioning, that he did not know that the funds he turned over would be used for any specific purpose. He never considered the funds "silence" money and "formed no moral judgment" on whether the payments were proper. "This was incidental information that I received and dismissed."

While Haldeman deftly deflected all attempts by the Ervin committee to get him to confirm the damaging claims of other witnesses, he ran into senatorial outrage as he tried to carry out his main mission before the committee: to show that Richard Nixon had no knowledge of the massive cover-up conspiracy. Haldeman's sensational weapon was his revelation that the President had permitted him to listen to some of the taped conversations between Nixon and Dean that are among the objects of a legal showdown between the Congress and the President.

Heard Tapes. Haldeman had heard one tape in late April while still on the White House staff. Amazingly, he was allowed to take four other tapes in early July to a Maryland house where he was staying, after he had resigned and just before the existence of the secret recording system was revealed. Haldeman decided to listen to just one of the tapes, which he held for 48 hours.

Increasingly becoming the most aggressive committee interrogator, Republican Senator Lowell Weicker protested that it was "grossly unfair" that Haldeman could hear the tapes when other prospective criminal defendants could not. Complained Democratic Senator Herman Talmadge: "Why

STEVE KORTHUP



WATERGATE WITNESS H.R. HALDEMAN

would a private citizen be more entitled to listen to those tapes than a Senate committee of the United States Congress?" Chairman Sam Ervin, noting that Nixon had conceded that the tapes were subject to different interpretations, said he would be "scrupulous in considering whether I should accept Mr. Haldeman's interpretation."

Interpretation seemed to be the key element added by Haldeman. Up to a point, his description of the conversations on the two tapes he reviewed indicated that Dean, who had taken no notes at any of his Watergate talks with the President, had remembered parts of the talks remarkably well. Haldeman said that Dean apparently had confused two of the meetings because some topics Dean had thought were raised at a March 13 meeting with Nixon actually showed up on the March 21 tape that Haldeman had heard. Allowing for this mix-up, the Dean and Haldeman versions include the following basic claims.

MEETING OF SEPT. 15, 1972

Dean: "The President told me I had done a good job and he appreciated how difficult a task it had been, and the President was pleased that the case had stopped with Liddy. I also told him that there was a long way to go before this matter would end and that I certainly could make no assurances that the day would not come when this matter would start to unravel." Dean said that he told the President that lawyers for the Nixon committee were talking out-of-court to a judge, Charles R. Richey, about delaying Democratic civil suits until after the election. Dean quoted Nixon as responding, "Well, that's helpful."

Haldeman: "The President did commend Dean for his handling of the whole Watergate matter, which was a perfectly natural thing for him to do. The President knew that Dean had been concentrating for a three-month period on the investigation for the White House. I am sure that the President thought it would be a good time to give Dean a pat on the back. Dean reported to the President on how the press was handling the indictments. There was some discussion about Judge Richey hearing the civil case and a comment that he would keep Roemer McPhee abreast of what was happening. Dean indicated that the indictments meant the end of the investigation by the grand jury and now there would be the GAO audit and some congressional inquiries. But he assured the President that nothing would come out to surprise us."

The basic clash between the versions is thus whether Nixon congratulated Dean because the case had been "contained," as Dean claimed, or whether Nixon merely appreciated Dean's hard work on the Watergate matter, as Haldeman contended. It is also significant whether McPhee had improperly discussed the case with Judge Richey, as Dean maintained, or whether McPhee was merely advising the Nixon committee, as Haldeman in-

dicated. Dean thought the conversation indicated the President was approving cover-up efforts that Dean had been engaged in since June 17. Haldeman saw no such implication.

MEETING OF MARCH 21, 1973

Dean: "I began by telling the President that there was a cancer growing on the presidency and that if the cancer was not removed, that the President himself would be killed by it." Dean noted that he had attended two meetings with Liddy, Mitchell and Magruder at which the wiretapping plans had been discussed, and that he had reported these plans to Haldeman. He said that both Haldeman and Mitchell had received wiretap information. He said that the President's personal lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, had paid silence money to the defendants on instructions relayed by Dean from Ehrlichman. Haldeman and Mitchell.

"Hunt wanted \$72,000 for living expenses and \$50,000 for attorney's fees, and if he did not get the money and get it quickly he would have a lot of seamy things to say about what he had done for John Ehrlichman while he was at the White House," Dean said that he had helped prepare Magruder for perjury. "I concluded by saying that it is going to take continued perjury and continued support of these individuals to perpetuate the cover-up and that I did not believe that it was possible to so continue it. Rather, all those involved must stand up and account for themselves and the President himself must get out in front."

Dean testified: "I told the President that there was no money to pay these individuals to meet their demands. He asked me how much it would cost. I told him that I could only estimate, that it might be as high as a million dollars or more. He told me that that was no problem, and he also looked over at Haldeman and repeated the statement. The President then referred to the fact that Hunt had been promised Executive clemency. He said that he had discussed the matter with Ehrlichman and that [Charles] Colson had also discussed it with him later. He expressed some annoyance at this."

Haldeman: Dean did make a remark about a "cancer growing on the presidency." Dean also "outlined his role in the January planning meetings and recounted a report he said he made to me regarding the second of those meetings. He felt Magruder was fully aware of the operation, but he was not sure about Mitchell. He said that his only concerns regarding the White House were in relation to the Colson phone call to Magruder, which might indicate White House pressure, and the possibility that Haldeman got some of the fruits of the bugging via Strachan."

"Regarding the post-June 17th situation, he indicated concern about two problems: money and clemency. He said that Colson had said something to [E. Howard] Hunt about clemency. The

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THE NATION

President confirmed that he could not offer clemency, and Dean agreed. Dean said that Kalmbach had raised money for the defendants' lawyers' fees, that Haldeman had okayed the return of the \$350,000 to the committee, and that Dean had handled the dealings between the parties.

"He said Hunt was demanding \$120,000 or else he would tell about the seamy things he had done for Ehrlichman. The President pursued this in considerable detail, obviously trying to smoke out what was really going on. He led Dean on regarding the process and what he would recommend doing. He asked where the money would come from, how it would be delivered, and so on. He asked how much money would be involved over the years, and Dean said, 'Probably a million dollars—but the problem is that it is hard to raise.' The President said, 'There is no problem in raising a million dollars, we can do that, but it would be wrong.'"

The Truth. A critical difference between the versions is the "it would be wrong" quote reported by Haldeman. He also contends that Nixon never indicated at the meeting that he had discussed clemency with Colson or Ehrlichman. But whether Nixon was "leading" Dean on with his questions and trying "to smoke him out" to see how guilty he might be, as Haldeman implied, or was approvingly going over the cover-up details, as Dean suggested, would seem open to each listener's interpretation.

Disagreeing with Ehrlichman in no material way, as their mutual and controversial attorney, John J. Wilson (see LAW), had predicted, Haldeman continually pointed to Dean as the cover-up mastermind. Haldeman argued that he, Ehrlichman and the President were trying to "get the truth" out to the public about Watergate, and thus Dean was repeatedly asked to write a definitive report. But during the questioning of Haldeman, it became clear for the first time that the "truth" that was expected was that no one in the White House was involved in the Watergate planning and execution. Haldeman gave his view of why the President had so incongruously suggested that Dean brief the Cabinet after his "cancer on the presidency" talk with Nixon. Haldeman implied that Dean could report—if the facts warranted it—that Magruder and Mitchell may have been involved in the planning. But there was no suggestion that Dean relate his theory of how White House Aides Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Strachan and Dean—as well as the President—may have been involved in the cover-up. What seemed to be wanted—and what Dean apparently could not write—was a cover-up report on the cover-up.

If Haldeman's poor memory and gentle answers got him past most of the sticky Watergate questions, he was clearly stung by some damaging memos

turned up by Senator Weicker. These showed another view of Haldeman: the harsh, political ideologue. With his now familiar indignation, Weicker assailed a Dean-supplied Feb. 10, 1973, memo from Haldeman to Dean. Its leading paragraph: "We need to get our people to put out the story on the foreign or Communist money that was used in support of demonstrations against the President in 1972. We should tie all 1972 demonstrations to McGovern and thus to the Democrats as part of the peace movement."

Weicker: Do you mean to tell me that as a man closest to the President of the United States you issued a directive linking the Democratic candidate to Communist money... because you thought that was the case?

Haldeman: Only if it is the case, Senator... This is why the memorandum was directed to the counsel to the President, who had the facts, as I understood it.

Weicker: This is not a request for an investigation of the facts. This is to put out the story.

Haldeman: It was my understanding that there were facts that led to these points.

Weicker: What are the facts?

Haldeman: I don't know.

Weicker also scored with a memo from a White House advance man to Haldeman on Oct. 14, 1971, which had been subpoenaed from the Nixon committee. Haldeman had penciled "Good" after the report that antiwar demonstrators would carry "obscene" signs at a North Carolina rally and "Great" after the report that they would direct their protest at the Rev. Billy Graham as well as the President (see cut page 16). Haldeman explained that he was pleased that this would show the nature of the protesters.

Hinder FBI. Moving with unusual dispatch, the Ervin committee next turned to witnesses who could deal with one of the earliest and clearest instances of the cover-up: efforts by the President, Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean to get the CIA to hinder or halt the FBI's probe of Nixon campaign funds that had been channeled through Mexico to obscure their source. Those moneys wound up in the pockets of the Watergate burglars. The pretext was that some CIA operation in Mexico might be compromised by the FBI investigation. Nixon had said in his May 22 statement that he had ordered Ehrlichman and Haldeman to talk to the CIA about this only for "national-security" reasons, not to impede a Watergate investigation. Both Ehrlichman and Haldeman said that they merely asked CIA officials to find out 1) if there had been any CIA involvement in the Watergate break-in itself and 2) whether there was any covert CIA activity that could be exposed by an FBI probe.

In their testimony before the Ervin committee, neither former CIA Director Richard Helms nor the deputy CIA di-



FORMER CIA DIRECTOR HELMS



FORMER DEPUTY CIA DIRECTOR CUSHMAN



DEPUTY CIA DIRECTOR WALTERS



FORMER ACTING FBI DIRECTOR GRAY

5:00 p.m.

MEMORANDUM FOR: MR. H. R. HALDEMAN
FROM: RONALD H. WALKER
RE: CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA -
DEMONSTRATIONS

To Walker
High Priority

Good

1. The most recent intelligence that has been received from the Advanceman Bill Henkel and the USSS is that we will have demonstrators in Charlotte tomorrow. The number is running between 100 and 200; the Advanceman's gut reaction is between 150 and 200. They will be violent; they will have extremely obscene signs, as has been indicated by their handbills. It will not only be directed toward the President, but also toward Billy Graham. They will have smoke bombs, and have every intention of disrupting the arrival and trying to blitz the Coliseum in order to disrupt the dedication ceremony.
2. According to Henkel and the USSS, and it is also indicated on the

MEMO TO HALDEMAN FROM WHITE HOUSE ADVANCE MAN IN NORTH CAROLINA
Also, let's tie McGovern to demonstrations and Communist money.

rector, Lieut. General Vernon Walters, saw it that way. Pounding the witness table and nearly shouting, the normally cool Helms declared: "The agency had nothing to do with the Watergate break-in." He said he had told that to FBI Acting Director L. Patrick Gray before he was summoned to a White House meeting with Ehrlichman and Haldeman on June 23, 1972, shortly after the break-in. He said that he emphatically told the same thing to the White House aides.

Both Walters and Helms contended that Haldeman, who did most of the talking at the meeting, had put the matter in a political rather than a national-security context by describing how Wa-

tergate "was creating a lot of noise and might lead to some important people." Nevertheless, Walters was told by Haldeman, according to the deputy CIA chief's testimony, to go to Gray and tell him that "further pursuit of this investigation in Mexico could jeopardize some assets of the Central Intelligence Agency." Dutifully, Walters did so. Both Helms and Walters promptly checked, however, and found that no Mexican operation could be jeopardized. Walters informed Dean of this and assumed that Dean would tell Gray.

Meanwhile, some FBI interviews about the Watergate money were held up by Gray under this pressure. Both

Gray and Walters were getting insistent inquiries from Dean. When Dean tossed out "feelers" on whether the CIA could supply bail for the arrested burglars and salaries for them if they were convicted, the CIA men decided that the agency was about to be "used." Walters told Dean this could not be done and that Helms would never approve.

Undercover Aids. Helms did, however, take full responsibility for some of the CIA aid given to Hunt, the White House "plumber." This included a tape recorder, camera, wig, voice-alteration device and false identification. Ervin saw these as rather sinister "undercover" aids and asked whether the wig was designed to "improve the pulchritude of Mr. Hunt" and the voice disguiser to help him "sing a different part in the choir." Helms said they were consistent with Hunt's contention that he needed them for a "one-time" interview. The wig was apparently used by Hunt to visit ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard in a Denver hospital, and the other gear was used to disguise himself in directing a raid on the Los Angeles psychiatric files of Pentagon Papers Defendant Daniel Ellsberg.

Helms readily admitted furnishing the White House with "a psychological profile" on Ellsberg compiled in 1971 from nonpsychiatric data by CIA experts. White House Plumber David Young found this so unsatisfactory that another one was requested. That was also rejected, and eventually Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office was burglarized by a plumbers' team. A copy of the first study indicated why the White House

The Man Who Bugged Nixon

It may be that Dick Tuck has angered Richard Nixon as much as any other man alive. As relentlessly as Inspector Javert trailed Jean Valjean, as doggedly as Caliban followed Prospero, as surely as a snowball seeks a top hat, Prankster Tuck stalked his quarry from one campaign to the next. "Keep that man away from me," Nixon ordered his staff, who were seldom able to oblige. Ultimately, Nixon paid his adversary the highest compliment: in the 1972 campaign, the White House decided to employ a Dick Tuck of its own. As H.R. Haldeman testified last week, Donald Segretti was hired to adopt Tuck's techniques and use them against the Democrats.

If Segretti was really only meant to be a G.O.P. Tuck, he surely got out of hand. He is currently awaiting trial on charges of distributing a false letter on Edmund Muskie's stationery accusing Henry Jackson and Hubert Humphrey of sexual misconduct. However dubious some of his antics, Tuck was usually aboveboard. "I was not surreptitious," Tuck insists. "I didn't hide what I did. I never tried to be malicious. It's the dif-

ference between altering fortune cookies to make a candidate look funny and altering State Department cables to make it look as if a former President were a murderer."

Tuck, who was born in Arizona and graduated from the University of California, Santa Barbara, was always interested in politics, though not very seriously. "There are ski bums and tennis bums," says Tom Saunders, an old friend. "Tuck is a politics bum." But he knew what he liked and what he did not. Richard Nixon fell into the second category. As Tuck recalls it, the pair first met in a classic encounter that would shape their future relationship. While a student at Santa Barbara, Tuck was working for Congresswoman Helen Gahagan Douglas in her 1950 campaign against Nixon for a seat in the U.S. Senate. "There was an absent-minded professor who knew I was in politics and forgot the rest," says Tuck. "He asked me to advance a Nixon visit." With that opportunity, Tuck's career of pranksterism was launched. He hired a big auditorium, invited only a handful of people and introduced the



PRANKSTER DICK TUCK

probably was dissatisfied: it portrayed Ellsberg as "extremely intelligent and talented" and said that he released the Pentagon papers mainly in response "to what he deemed a higher order of patriotism."

The brunt of responsibility for supplying Hunt with gear was borne by another witness, General Robert Cushman, now commandant of the Marine Corps. A CIA official at the time, Cushman promptly shifted the blame to John Ehrlichman. Earlier memos by Cushman had been unclear on the point, and Ehrlichman had protested—erroneously—that he was out of town at the time. But a taped conversation between Cushman and Hunt and minutes of a CIA staff meeting clearly indicated that Ehrlichman had called Cushman to seek the help for Hunt. Both Cushman and Helms rebelled, however, when Hunt's requests rose to the point of wanting a New York office and a particular CIA woman stenographer from Paris.

The week's final witness, Pat Gray, disputed some Walters memos about the precise nature of their conversations about holding back the Mexican money investigations. The differences in each case seemed mainly self-protective; there was no doubt that both finally realized that they were being used by White House aides. Yet on the basis of his opening statement, Gray's veracity is in great doubt, and his questioning this week may be rocky.

Backing Dean against Ehrlichman, Gray said that when these two aides gave him some documents from Howard Hunt's safe, he had no doubt "that

destruction was intended." Dean had said that they were "political dynamite" unrelated to Watergate and they "should not see the light of day." Ehrlichman had testified that they were only given to Gray for safekeeping, because material given to FBI agents might leak to newsmen. Yet Gray kept the documents from June until Christmas before he burned them. He admitted lying to Justice Department officials about having received them, to other officials about not having read them, and even, when he finally wanted to confess all, to Senator Weicker, his friend, about when he had destroyed them. "A sense of shame is all I can remember."

Clearly caught in matters beyond his ken, the hapless Gray nevertheless knew very early in the Watergate scandal that his agency was being manipulated. He called the new Nixon campaign director, Clark MacGregor, on July 6, 1972, to complain about the White House pressures. Within an hour, Nixon called Gray, ostensibly to congratulate him on the FBI's successful aborting of a San Francisco skyjacking. Said Gray: "Mr. President, there is something I want to speak to you about. Dick Walters and I feel that people on your staff are trying to mortally wound you by using the CIA and FBI and by confusing the question of CIA interest in, or not in, people the FBI wishes to interview." There was a slight pause, and the President said, "Pat, you just continue to conduct your aggressive and thorough investigation."

General Walters testified that Gray had given him a far more dramatic ver-



AWAITING SEATS AT WATERGATE HEARINGS
Some questions went unasked.

sion of this warning to the President, claiming that the investigation "could not be covered up" and "would lead quite high and he felt the President should get rid of the people that were involved." Either way, the President's response was baffling. He did not ask, "What do you mean, Pat, someone is trying to wound me? How? Which aides? Why?"

candidate with a long-winded, soporific speech. Finally turning to Nixon, Tuck asked him to speak on the International Monetary Fund. At the end of the rally, Nixon asked Tuck: "What's your name again?" When told, the future President replied: "Dick Tuck, you've made your last advance."

That was only the first of many Tuck jokes to be played on Richard Nixon. In the 1960 presidential campaign, Nixon flew to Memphis after his first television debate with John Kennedy. Greeting him as he left the airplane was an effusive matron wearing an oversize Nixon button; she flung her arms around him and commiserated: "Don't worry, son. Kennedy won last night but you'll do better next time." Nixon visibly paled, while sandwiched among the press corps, Tuck was laughing at the stunt he had improvised. One day Nixon was in the middle of a whistle-stop speech on his campaign train when it suddenly pulled out of the station. Tuck, donning a railroadman's cap, had signaled the engineer to start up.

When Nixon ran against Pat Brown for Governor of California in 1962, Tuck popped up everywhere like a bad sprite. Nixon would no sooner throw

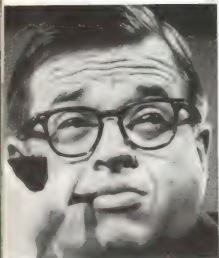
him off the campaign train than he would sneak back on again. At a rally in Los Angeles' Chinatown, Tuck gave a banner to some children, who waved it aloft when Nixon appeared. "Let's have a picture," the candidate suggested. At that point, some of the Chinese happened to read the inscription, WHAT ABOUT THE HUGHES LOAN?—a reference to the \$205,000 that Howard Hughes had lent Nixon's brother Donald. In a rage, Nixon tore up the banner before TV cameras.

At the 1964 G.O.P. National Convention, Tuck wandered around creating havoc by spreading phony stories about rival candidates and setting one against another—a tactic not too far removed from some of Segretti's machinations. Once Barry Goldwater was nominated, he replaced Nixon as Tuck's chief victim. The prankster smuggled a comely girl onto the Goldwater train; every six hours until she was caught, she put out a newsletter ridiculing the campaign. Two years later, Tuck turned serious about politics—or so it seemed. He ran for the California state senate. He professed to be mortally afraid that Nixon would endorse him. In fact, Nixon sent him a good-humored letter

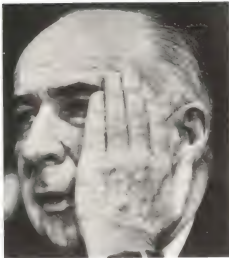
threatening to return to California to vote. After he lost, Tuck gave a concession speech: "The people have spoken—the bastards."

He became subdued. In 1972 he attached himself to the McGovern campaign, but only halfheartedly. McGovern did not seem to appreciate a good joke much more than Nixon. When the President and some fat cats were about to pay a visit to John Connally's ranch, Tuck proposed sending a Brink's armored car to the scene followed by a Mexican laundry truck. But the McGovernites vetoed the suggestion.

Just when the prankster's bag of tricks was practically empty, the White House decided to imitate him. There was talk of "developing a Dick Tuck capability." Says Tuck: "It sounded like a missile strike. It dawned on me that they would probably have given the job to Lockheed, gone through two cost overruns and the thing still wouldn't fly." Crash it did. Recently Tuck and Haldeman came face to face in the Capitol. "You started all of this," said the ex-chief of staff of the White House. Replied Tuck: "Yeah, Bob, but you guys ran it into the ground." It is true that, after Watergate, political tricks may never be funny again.



FORMER SPECIAL COUNSEL COLSON



FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL MITCHELL

The ITT Controversy Revisited

Back in the days before Watergate became the national preoccupation, one of the most prominent skeletons in the White House closet was the allegation that the Administration had quietly settled a 1971 antitrust case against ITT, the giant conglomerate, in return for an ITT offer of up to \$400,000 to help defray the cost of the Republicans' 1972 national convention in San Diego (later switched to Miami). Columnist Jack Anderson published an ITT memorandum last year that appeared to substantiate the charge. But before ITT Lobbyist Dita Beard, the author of the

memo, could give testimony to the Senate Judiciary Committee, she was spirited off to Colorado—reportedly by the White House “plumbers”—and was said to be too ill to be interviewed at the time. Last week the Ervin committee gained possession of a White House memorandum that seemed to shed new light on the ITT case.

The memo was sent by Charles W. Colson, then a White House special counsel, to H.R. Haldeman, then the President's chief of staff, on March 30, 1972. It turned up last week when the Ervin committee subpoenaed a secre-

tary of Colson's and asked her to bring along her files. The purpose of the Colson memo was to urge the Administration to withdraw its nomination of Richard Kleindienst as Attorney General—a nomination that was subsequently approved by the Senate. Colson's point at the time was that the Senate investigation of Kleindienst might conceivably turn up copies of several memorandums that had been written by both Administration and ITT officials. These documents, said Colson, could implicate a number of Administration officials in the ITT case, including Vice President Spiro Agnew, Secretary of the Treasury John Connally and Attorney General John Mitchell. More important, at least two of the documents could “directly involve the President.”

The various documents to which Colson referred all dealt with efforts by ITT in early 1971 to enlist the Administration's support in quashing three separate antitrust suits under way against the corporation. U.S. district courts had previously ruled against the Government in two of the cases, which involved two lesser ITT subsidiaries, Grinnell Corp. and Canteen Corp. But Richard W. McLaren, head of the Justice Department's antitrust division, who had strenuously pressed the litigation, had already made known the Government's intention to appeal to the Supreme Court. The third and most important case, involving ITT's merger with the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., had not yet been decided. The memorandums detailed the company's successful efforts to influence Government policy.

In August 1970, according to Colson, ITT Vice President Edward J. Ger-

Keeping a Little List at the IRS

When John Dean was testifying before the Senate Watergate Committee, he mentioned that the White House had used the IRS to try to harass radical organizations. Dean knew what he was talking about: IRS snooping activities have mushroomed under the Nixon Administration.

Not that this Administration is the first to use the IRS for partisan purposes. Past Presidents have sporadically called upon the IRS to audit the income tax returns of certain political opponents or anybody else who made an undue amount of trouble for them. Usually such investigation turns up nothing. But as in other areas of government, the Nixon Administration has overreacted and overorganized.

TIME has learned that an IRS Special Services Group, set up in 1969 at the White House's request, has collected files on 3,000 organizations and 8,000 individuals—not all of them radical, though the tilt is definitely leftward.

While many of the persons and groups listed have tax violations on their records, others have nothing substantial lodged against them. A top-level IRS memo indicates that “a great deal of material has not been evaluated.”

The functions of the Special Services Group were described in a Jan. 12 memo written by John J. Flynn, North Atlantic regional commissioner, to the directors serving under him. Noting that the group works closely with other federal investigative agencies, Flynn calls it a “central intelligence-gathering facility within the IRS.” The purpose of the group is to “receive and analyze all available information on organizations and individuals promoting extremists' views or philosophies”—whether of the right or left. Suspects are included “without regard to the philosophy or political posture involved.” What counts is the “notoriety of the individual or organization.”

The memo goes on to divide the extremists into two categories: violent and “so-called” nonviolent. The first embraces those who advocate and practice arson, fire bombing and destruction of property; also skyjackers, prison rioters and people who threaten public officials or distribute publications urging revolution. The nonviolent category includes those who burn their draft cards, participate in May Day demonstrations, “organize and attend rock festivals which attract youth and narcotics,” travel to Cuba, Algeria and North Viet Nam, or “aid in funding the sale of firearms to the Irish Republican Army and Arab terrorists.” Writes Flynn: “There is evidence from classified documents that transfers of large amounts of money to and from the U.S.A. are being used to establish and organize groups with the view of the overthrow of this government.”

The memo concludes that the “magnitude and potential of this facility is unlimited.” But there is no evidence to date that extensive use has been made of the Special Services Group.

ity Jr. had written to Agnew, an old friend from Army days: "Our problem is to get John Mitchell the facts concerning McLaren's attitude because... McLaren seems to be running all by himself." In a meeting between ITT President Harold S. Geneen and Presidential Assistant John Ehrlichman, Gerrity continued, Ehrlichman had "said flatly that the President was not enforcing a bigness-is-bad policy [against ITT], and that the President had instructed the Justice Department along these lines." This document, Colson noted, was embarrassing because it "tends to contradict John Mitchell's testimony" (before the Judiciary Committee) that he had not been directly involved in ITT negotiations. His fear, Colson added, was that this "revelation" of President Nixon's instructions "would lay this case on the President's doorstep."

Later in 1970 Ehrlichman wrote Mitchell of an "understanding" he had reached with Geneen. On May 5, 1971, Ehrlichman again wrote to Mitchell, alluding to the "agreed-upon ends" at the high level of the President and Mitchell in resolving the ITT case, and asking Mitchell whether Ehrlichman should deal directly with McLaren in the sensitive matter.

The previous year, ITT Executive John F. Ryan, in a memo to William R. Merriam, a corporate colleague, had made a cryptic reference to "Dita and dollars," then reported: "I was asked by Ned [Gerrity] to get some feel for you from Dita as to what is required." On June 25, 1971, Dita Beard wrote to Merriam, her superior, that ITT's "noble commitment" of funds for the Republican Convention had "gone a long way toward our negotiations on the mergers eventually coming out as Hal [Geneen] wants them."

Worst Context. In the meantime, on June 17, 1971, McLaren reversed his previous position by proposing a compromise settlement in the ITT case. The proposal was by no means totally favorable to ITT; it permitted the company to retain the highly prized Hartford Fire Insurance Co., though it did require that it get rid of several other subsidiaries, including Canteen Corp. and the fire-protection division of Grinnell. A month later, the Republican National Committee announced its decision to hold its 1972 convention in San Diego—though it did not make any mention at the time of the offer of financial assistance from the ITT-owned Sheraton Corporation.

Neither the White House nor ITT had any comment on the Colson memo last week; neither did McLaren, who on Dec. 2, 1971, was appointed by President Nixon to a federal judgeship. Colson, however, insisted that as "a good staff guy," he had merely been playing the part of "a devil's advocate"—outlining the problems that the Judiciary Committee might raise "in their worst context."

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

Misusing the White House Machine

One of the finest machines ever devised by man is the White House and those institutions and individuals who are called into close orbit around it. It has been the creative center for our way of life. And for those lucky enough to be summoned to serve, it has been an exhilaration unequaled by anything else.

James Rowe, who was one of Franklin Roosevelt's bright young men, still recalls with profound satisfaction trying to pull the country out of the Depression. Each day was a new surge of creation. If the ideas did not work, Rowe once said, they tore them up that night and started fresh the next morning.

Clark Clifford remembers the happy days of Truman's White House. He began the study for the unification of the armed services and worked closely on the Truman Doctrine and the Marshall Plan. There was ferment and achievement.

In Eisenhower's time the same joy of service at the pinnacle was apparent. Even Emmet John Hughes, who developed some deep-set differences with the President, found that in Ike's White House the challenge was to come up with new ideas in an effort to nudge the nation toward a better life.

There are still misty memories from the Kennedy days of Walter Heller, a kind of economic Ichabod, loping happily through the corridors of the White House advocating the New Economics, a system that eventually yielded this nation the longest continued economic expansion (105 months) in our history.

And Joe Califano, the jolly domestic czar for Lyndon Johnson, was in a state of near ecstasy helping to sculpt programs on housing, civil rights, health and education.

SEBASTIAN BRACE—BLACK STAR



The foreign end of Richard Nixon's White House had and has some of the same spirit under Henry Kissinger. At first there was even a whiff of it in domestic matters, when Pat Moynihan, a rollicking Irish professor who dared break open champagne in his office, held sway, devising the family assistance plan and nurturing revenue sharing.

Then came the era of John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldeman.

That beautiful White House machine stopped, on the home front at least. It was turned into a private instrument of revenge and fear. Hatred replaced hope. While Ehrlichman's domestic division produced programs, they often were little more than cardboard props. There was no soul in them, no commitment behind them. They languished and no one cared. We now see from Ehrlichman's own testimony that he was busy grappling for power, covering up dirty tricks and investigating the drinking and sexual habits of opponents. Haldeman, as he told it on the Watergate stand, conceived himself and the President to be in a state of siege, with Communists and other monsters just outside the White House gates. His energy was devoted to identifying enemies and destroying them, leaking squalid accusations and encouraging dirty political tricks, violating Richard Nixon's public entreaties to turn back to "the spirit of '76." What an appalling picture of a place that once was a symbol of much of the best of us.

Think what they lost—and we lost, think of the power of the presidency that they lost as they pursued their wretched intrigues. They could have devised a domestic record of the same quality if not quantity as the foreign one and, more important, they could have raised a new symbolism of excitement and adventure in our national life.

What if Nixon and his men had reached out, as only a President can do, and summoned the best of American life to come to the White House and talk openly and warmly with them? What if they had set aside an evening a week for dinner with a dozen of the best men available from any field—farmers, artists, physicians, flyers, vintners, bankers, engravers? What sparks might have flown and what ideas might have been generated in such bull sessions! Or what if the President had been urged to borrow a little tactic from our parliamentary cousins and asked Congress if he could go to the Hill once a month and stand in the House chamber and answer questions carefully screened and controlled? Minds might have met and ideas been generated, human responses released.

The American people give the President and his staff the use of that marvelous White House machine, and its only limits are the law and the minds and the hearts of the men who use it. And that, we see now, is the problem.

Words from Watergate

Wilson: How do you know that, Mr. Chairman?

Ervin: Because I can understand the English language. It is my mother tongue.

Yes, but Lawyer John Wilson's clients, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, are also children of that mother tongue. And so are Caulfield and Dean, Odle and Porter, Mitchell and Magruder, and virtually every other Watergate witness. Those witnesses are a peculiar group of siblings, obedient to every authority except that of their parent language.

Even with the admission of tapes, no one will ever master the entire vocabulary or thought processes of the Nixon Administration. But tantalizing glimpses are possible through the aperture of the Ervin hearings. By now, of course, the Nixonian cadre has turned a few phrases to bromides, notably the sci-fi sounds: "At that point in time," and, "In that time frame." Still, these clichés are excellent indicators of the Administration's unwritten laws of language: 1) never use a word when a sentence will do; 2) obscure, don't clarify; 3) Humpty Dumpty was right when he said to Alice: "When I use a word . . . it means just what I choose it to mean."

Most of the Watergate witnesses prefer not to answer with a simple yes or no. The vagueness shown last week by H.R. Haldeman has been the motto of the month: "I am not sure whether I was or not. I may very well have been." Other witnesses felt that truth was illusory: facts could only be construed "in their context." The quibbling over nuances would do credit to Henry James—as when Ehrlichman vainly tried to distinguish between "literal" and "actual."

Perhaps because Haldeman has been characterized as a former adman, he avoided any run-it-up-the-flagpole chatter. Still, he introduced some collector's items: "Zero-defect system," for perfection; "containment" for the withholding of information. Throughout the hearings, where precision would help, a file of worn metaphors and similes appears. Usually the phrases smack of the military or sports—two arenas notable for their threadbare lexicons. Porter thought of himself as "a team player." Dean as a soldier who had "earned my stripes." Ehrlichman considered himself proficient at "downfield blocking." J. Edgar Hoover was "a loyal trooper." Mitchell football-coached. "When the going gets tough, the tough get going"; and everybody worried about the chief "lowering the boom."

Responsibility was obviously diffused; in the New Nixon years, power no longer seems to emanate from persons but from real estate. The President rarely appears in testimony. The word comes from "the Oval Office." When Caulfield carried the fragile promise of Executive clemency, said McCord, he spoke of "the very highest levels of the White House"—perhaps the first time that favors were to be dispensed by architecture.

Euphemisms are to the tongue what novocain is to the gums. In the hearings, criminality is given scores of numbing disguises. For "intelligence-gathering operations" read "breaking and entering," for "plumbers" read "burglars," for "stroking" read "cheap flattery," for "pulling" read "expensive flattery," for "White House horrors" read "Government-sponsored crimes." The roster seems endless: "dirty tricks," "laundered money," "telephone anomalies"—all per-

form the same function: the separation of words from truth.

Sometimes the resonances are poignant: McCord's use of the familiar "game plan" or young Odle's attempt to "make a couple of things perfectly clear." Occasionally they are mystifying, as in the characterization of CBS Newsman Daniel Schorr as "a real media enemy"—as opposed, perhaps, to an unreal media enemy. Often, however, they are terrifying because they illuminate just how much ignorance the functionaries had—not only of the law but of themselves.

To the Ervin committee, for example, Ehrlichman released a clandestine tape recording of a conversation he had had with Herbert Kalmbach. It contains a dazzling example of self-deception. Kalmbach is asked to testify that he spoke to Ehrlichman in California, when in fact the conversation took place in Washington. "I wouldn't ask you to lie," says the former presidential aide.

It was this recording that prompted Mary McCarthy to speculate in the London *Observer*: "[The tape] shows Ehrlichman demanding that his friend commit perjury. That is the only way it can be read. Perhaps this is illuminating. If Ehrlichman cannot realize what his taped voice says in plain English, perhaps Nixon cannot either, and so his own battery of tapes may be produced after all."



MR. EHRlichman AS MR. DUMPTY

Whether or not the President can comprehend plain English, it is certain that many on his staff could not or would not. In their obfuscations they were not alone. Long before the Nixon Administration took office, the military had its "pacification" and "fraging." Radical critics led their own assaults on the English language with the substitution of "offing" for killing, the prating of "fascism" every time an obstacle was encountered. At the same time, business gave its own donation at the office, with the computer talk of "inputs," "software" and "print-outs."

Indeed, every sector has its private jargon meant to mystify the outsider, frequently at the cost of undermining the speaker. Yet, all these linguistic abuses have paled beside the rhetorical revelations of Watergate. With that special gift of hindsight so praised by committeemen and witnesses, the spectator can now perceive that the seeds of the affair were planted long ago, in the first days of Nixon's tenure. Once upon a point in time, Administration spokesmen instructed commentators: "Don't judge us by what we say but by what we do." As the world now realizes, verb and act are in the deepest sense inseparable.

In his classic essay, *Politics and the English Language*, George Orwell spoke for all time: "If thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought." Yet even with his innate pessimism, Orwell offered a solution—a method more applicable today than it was in the holocaust of the '40s. "One ought to recognize," he wrote, "that the present political chaos is connected with the decay of language, and that one can probably bring about some improvement by starting at the verbal end."

It takes no feminist to see how much the nation owes its mother tongue. If that tongue is to speak again with clarity and force, alterations have to begin, not in the spirit of litigation but in its opposite: the defense of values. The Watergate evasions will have to be swept away with those who mouth them. Honest politics will not miraculously reappear. But in the absence of bromides and shibboleths, Americans may once again be able to put in some good words for their Government. And vice versa.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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Get hold of
honest taste.

Have an
Old Gold.



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '73.

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Grand Prix.

This is one automobile event just about everybody participates in.

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The Honda has everything you need to fight the freeways. Front wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, four wheel independent suspension, and a peppy overhead cam engine that gets up to 30 miles to a gallon of regular.

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ket; one which is large enough to be fairly comfortable, small enough to maneuver through rush hour traffic, gutsy enough to cruise at freeway speeds, and economical enough to operate all week on one tank of gas. This amazing little vehicle is the Honda Civic."

"Clearly the automobile has it all; it provides the most immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy, and low price. For center city commuters, Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

Well, it's 5 pm, and we're off and running again.

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It will get you where you're going.



PAINTING A SUMMER MESSAGE ON THE SIDE OF A TAVERN IN LUXEMBURG, MINN.

AMERICAN SCENE/COVER STORY

Minnesota: A State That Works

On an August Saturday afternoon, the scene is a slice of America's Norman Rockwell past. Barefoot children play one old cat and race their wagons down gently sloping sidewalks. Under the overhanging oaks, their fathers labor with hand mowers and rakes. On one lawn up the street, a rummage sale is in progress. Station wagons, laden with children, groceries, dogs and camping equipment, and trailing boats, slide out of driveways, heading north for a week or two at the lake.

It could as well be Little Rock, Ark., or Great Barrington, Mass., or Portland, Ore., for the nation is in its easier summer rhythms. But the setting is the north side of Minneapolis, in Minnesota, a state where the Rockwell vision pertains with a special consistency. If the American good life has anywhere survived in some intelligent equilibrium, it may be in Minnesota.

It is a state where a residual American secret still seems to operate. Some of the nation's more agreeable qualities are evident there: courtesy and fairness, honesty, a capacity for innovation, hard work, intellectual adventure and responsibility. The land is large (84,068 sq. mi.), the population small (just under 4,000,000). Nature is close (20 minutes from a downtown Minneapolis office building to a country lake) and generally well protected.

Politics is almost unnaturally clean—no patronage, virtually no corruption. The citizens are well educated: the high school dropout rate, 7.6%, is the nation's lowest. Minnesotans are remarkably civil; their crime rate is the third lowest in the nation (after Iowa and Maine). By a combination of political and cultural tradition, geography and sheer luck, Minnesota nurtures an extraordinarily successful society.

The state harbors some of the nation's fastest-growing computer companies—Honeywell Inc., Control Data Corp., Univac—along with a diversity of such other corporations as 3M Co., General Mills Inc., Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Pillsbury Co., and Investors Diversified Services Inc., one of the world's largest mutual fund conglomerates. The University of Minnesota, whose alumni and faculty have included seven Nobel laureates, ranks among the nation's best. It helped to develop the Salk vaccine, open-heart surgery, blight-resistant wheat. The Mayo Clinic remains America's secular Lourdes. Minneapolis' Tyrone Guthrie Theater displays some of the most distinguished drama west of Broadway. The Minnesota Orchestra under Stanislaw Skrowaczewski is one of the finest in the country. The Twins, the North Stars and the Vikings have brought a state of natural participant sportsmen into the big leagues.

"I have traveled this world over thoroughly," says Harry Heltzer, chairman and chief executive of the St. Paul-based 3M Co., "but I've never seen a place I would rather live. I can be home in 20 minutes and feed deer, ducks and geese in my yard." Indeed, one personnel problem in the large corporations is that executives transferred to Minnesota are so reluctant to leave that they would often rather quit and find other work there than accept a retransfer. Steve Scarborough, a young Honeywell engineer who turned down a promotion two years ago because it would have meant moving to Florida, says flatly: "Many places are nice, but none is better than Minnesota."

A lot of Minnesotans concur: ▶ Orthodontist Richard Paulson, 39, lives with his wife Betty Ann and two daughters in the Minneapolis sub-

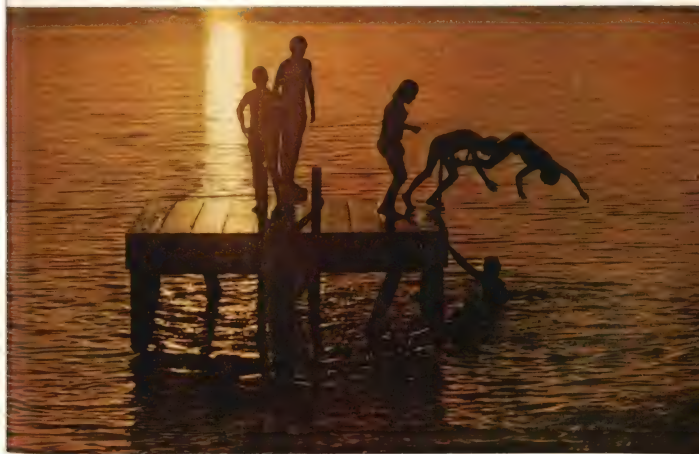
urb of Golden Valley. In the woods behind his large rambling house, Paulson likes to take his children walking to see woodchucks, mallards, chipmunks and an occasional fox. They feed pheasant on their lawn. The Paulsons attend church ten minutes away in downtown Minneapolis, and in the summers vacation on the thickly wooded shores of sparkling, uncrowded Gull Lake, 2½ hours north of the Twin Cities. "I feel fortunate," says Paulson, "that we can still taste the things that 50 years ago people took for granted."

Theater buffs, the Paulsons have not missed a show at the Guthrie Theater since it opened in 1963. They occasionally attend the Minnesota Orchestra and frequently visit art shows at Minneapolis' Walker Art Center. "There is a certain peace in our existence," says Paulson, who admits, "You can lose yourself in this utopia. It's so easy not to be confronted by the needs of others." For that reason, the Paulsons have become social activists—working in local politics and serving as youth volunteers.

▶ Chuck Ruhr, 36, owner of a Minneapolis ad agency, lives a long commute—by Minneapolis standards—from his office. But he can make the 25 miles of freeway in 30 or 40 minutes, likes to point out that within an hour after leaving work, he can be sitting on his pontoon boat in the middle of White Bear Lake, enjoying a drink and watching the sun go down. He and his wife and two children live in a 1912-vintage five-bedroom house on the shores of the lake, with their own beach and dock. His wife's optometry business is three

Top: the new Federal Reserve Bank of Minneapolis. **Below:** youngsters enjoy a swim in Lake Nokomis.

Photographs for TIME by Dan McCoy





Grain silos in New Ulm



Arcades in Minneapolis' IDS Center



Sunset at Minneapolis' Lake Nokomis



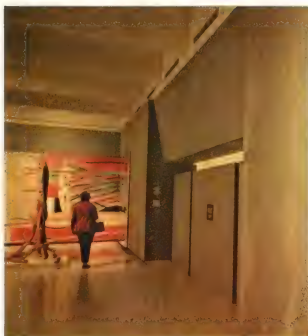
Sculpture at St. Paul's Osborn Building



Loading grain on German ship in Duluth



Driver waits for students touring capitol



Inside Minneapolis' Walker Art Center



Pillars of Northwestern National Life Building



Football on shores of Lake Minnetonka



Waiting out rain by Lake of the Isles

Ravel score on wall of Minneapolis parking lot



THE NATION

blocks away; stores and schools are just as close. Says Ruhr: "There is a little less of the bad things here—drugs, pollution. Being way up here, people have had a chance to see the crest of the wave coming and react to it. There's an attitude, too, that we've got a nice little thing and let's keep it that way."

► Arleen Kulis, 24, migrated to Minneapolis from Chicago seven years ago. At first, she did not like it: the winters were formidable; the people seemed a bit provincial. But then she began savoring the lack of traffic, the safety of the streets, the camping weekends. "No one ever bothers you on the streets," she says. "You listen to the news in the morning, and there aren't 20 million murders."

► Blaine Harstad, 44, a Minneapolis lawyer, has never forgotten his farm upbringing. Like other Minnesotans, he remains drawn to the land. Three times a year, he returns to the family farm near Harmony in the southeast part of the state. He loves to listen to the school-closing notices on snowy mornings to see if Harmony is mentioned. The small-town flavor of the Twin Cities appeals to him. As Harstad points out, he knows just about every one of the 2,500 lawyers there, either directly or indirectly. "I can walk two blocks," he says, "and meet five people I know."

Minnesota has its drawbacks. Its winters are as hard as the Ice Age, and in the summers, mosquitoes often seem half the size of dive bombers. Unemployment outside the Twin Cities area is troublesome, and personal income taxes are the highest in the nation. Duluth residents worry about possible carcinogenic asbestos particles in their drinking water. At the same time, the Reserve Mining Co. is dumping thousands of tons of taconite tailings into Lake Superior every day, polluting the once limpid waters. Contentment can sometimes amount to middle-class complacency. Once, in its years in the cultural wilderness, Sauk Centre, Minn., was Sinclair Lewis' *Main Street*, his symbol for a kind of porcine American self-satisfaction: "The contentment of the quiet dead... dullness made God."

Some argue that Minnesota works a bit too well and too blandly, that its comparatively open and serene population is a decade or two behind the rest of the U.S. The place lacks the fire, urgency and self-accusation of states with massive urban centers and problems. Minnesota's people are overwhelmingly white (98%), most of them solidly rooted in the middle class. Blacks rioted in Minneapolis in 1966 and 1967, but with only 1% of the state's population, they have not yet forced Minnesotans into any serious racial confrontation. Or at least, not an apocalyptic confrontation.

Minnesotans are proud of that. After the 1967 riots, in the intelligently direct style of most Minnesota politics, businessmen, civil rights leaders and ed-



THE RICHARD PAULSON FAMILY PICNICKING IN GOLDEN VALLEY
Woodchucks, mallards, chipmunks and a fox.

ucators met to organize the first Urban Coalition chapter in the country. Today blacks are often among the state's more enthusiastic boosters. Says Gleason Glover, executive director of the Minneapolis Urban League: "For a black, Minneapolis is one of the truly outstanding cities in the U.S. to live in. The problems here—housing, education, discrimination, unemployment—are manageable... There just isn't the real, deep-seated hatred here that blacks often encounter in other cities." Two black state legislators were elected last fall from predominantly white middle-class suburban districts.

The state's other significant minority, its 23,000 Indians, most of them Chippewa, are clearly the most poverty-stricken residents. About half of them live in the Twin Cities, mainly in Minneapolis, in a tight ghetto that is the only really shabby area of town. The other half live on seven reservations, also in poverty, but with considerably more dignity. The Red Lake Chippewa

are developing a logging industry, a sawmill and a small fish cannery. At Grand Portage Reservation in Northeastern Minnesota, the tribe is planning a resort complex. Says Ernie Landgren, 38: "Now we've got more opportunities. Sure, unemployment is high on the reservations, but things are improving."

Minnesota's economy is a fairly well-balanced mix of manufacturing, agriculture and services. Fur, northern pine, wheat and iron ore once were the dominant forces. Manufacturing displaced farming as the major source of income in 1952. Though farm and forest products remain a vital part of the economy, the gap has been widening. Over the past ten years, Minnesota has become one of the nation's leading "brain-industry" centers—more than 170 electronic and related technical businesses now employ more than 70,000 people. Food companies, however, still lead the state in employment. Minneapolis-based companies produce more than half the cakes in the nation.



STEVE SCARBOROUGH & SON FISHING ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER
A chance to see the crest coming and react to it.

THE NATION

for example. Minnesota leads the U.S. in butter production, is second in dry milk, third in meat production.

The state's per capita income of \$4,032 ranks 19th among the 50 states. For all that, Minnesota has been attracting new population, notably from the neighboring Dakotas. Between 1960 and 1970, the population increased by 11.5%—slightly less than the overall national increase of 13.3%.

Minnesotans sometimes point to themselves as the reason for the state's success. "You just don't have people barking at you when you're walking down the street or sitting in a restaurant," says Jim Johnson, a former Princeton instructor and Muskie campaign worker who recently moved back home. At the Minneapolis Club, where corporation executives and political leaders gather, the waitresses are so friendly and informal that a guest almost expects one to sit down and share the meal she has just served.

Wayne E. Thompson, a transplanted Californian, is now a senior vice president of Dayton Hudson Corp., one of the Midwest's largest retailers. Says his wife Ann: "People are so nice here that for a while I thought they were putting me on. I would call the plumber or the electrician, and my problem became his problem. I found that hard to believe." Sometimes the slower Minnesota pace irritates Thompson: "When I get frustrated because a project isn't moving fast enough, I am tempted to bring in someone from the outside, a heavy." But he's never done so because "you just can't get mad at anybody here."

The Land. Informality permeates business dealings as well as private life. Says Stephen Keating, president of Honeywell: "The nature of this community—its size, its cohesiveness, its informality—means that you can accomplish things at lunch, in the street, or your friends come by on the way home." A young lawyer raised in New York City observes, "In New York, when you wanted a deposition from the other side in a lawsuit, you had to go through a heavy exchange of letters. Here I just pick up the phone and say, 'George, I need your client's deposition. Can we get together Wednesday?' So we do it then. No correspondence. No hassle." As Keating says, "There is a hell of a lot of mutual trust."

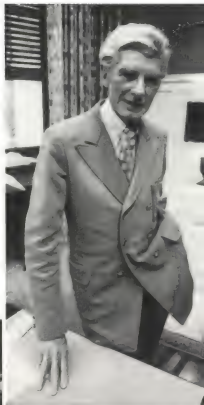
Much of the mood in Minnesota has to do with the comparatively unspoiled land. Southern Minnesota is an expanse of rolling countryside, a patchwork of rectangular fields, the loam that has made Minnesota the country's third largest corn producer (after Iowa and Nebraska), the soil that yields 100 bushels of corn and 40 bushels of soybeans to the acre. To the north and west, the land flattens into prairies that merge going eastward, with hills of nearly primeval forest. The northwestern lands are more sandy, but rich enough to produce ample crops of wheat.

Northeastern Minnesota, some-

times called the Arrowhead Country because of its shape, begins at the rugged Mesquah Hills and Giants Range, a sharp granite ridge as high as 500 ft. To the southeast rises the Mesabi Range, a rocky belt that used to produce 82% of the nation's iron ore and still yields 63% in iron and taconite, the iron pellets sifted magnetically from huge loads of earth. Below the Canadian border stretch vast expanses of forests and lakes, a region of shaggy and pristine beauty. Timber wolves roam there. Moose can be seen feeding in the clearings. Sometimes a bald eagle is spotted atop an enormous pine.

Such an abundance and accessibil-

Clockwise from right: University of Minnesota President Malcolm Moos. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Minnesota Orchestra. John Cowles Jr., chairman of the board of the Minneapolis Star & Tribune Co.



ity of nature has much to do with the Minnesotans' sense of place and roots. More than almost any other Americans, they are outdoor people, and at least 50% of them customarily vacation within their own state. The seasons have their own sporting rhythms. On summer weekends, the traffic moves bumper-to-propeller out of the Twin Cities toward what has become a Minnesotan index of the good life—the "lake up north." The state's license plates advertise it as "Land of 10,000 Lakes," but that is an understatement. Actually, there are 15,291 lakes of ten acres or more, as well as 25,000 miles of rivers, including the Mississippi, which begins at Itasca State Park near the center of Minnesota. The lakes cover 5% of the state, remnants of the glaciers' departure a million years ago. Few Minnesotans are more than minutes from water. Minneapolis residents have 21 lovely quiet lakes within the city itself.

In the fall, Minnesota is a hunting society: 253,668 deer licenses are issued annually. But for all the gunfire, the deer population now numbers about 450,000, and seems stable. Other game includes duck and pheasant, moose, black bear and timber wolf.

Winter, which brings down fero-

cious cold from the polar icecap, used to be a comparatively closed-down season, a deep hibernation. Snowmobiles, for better and for worse, have changed that. Many Minnesotans now worry about the ubiquitous high-pitched snarls of snowmobiles churning across the winter landscapes. Still, snowmobiling is the state's fastest-growing sport. Some 340,000 vehicles are licensed now.

As a winter alternative, thousands of Minnesotans are rediscovering cross-country skiing, or snowshoeing, or iceboating. Ice hockey is also something like an obsession in the state. Since the land was settled, Minnesotans have enjoyed ice fishing, sometimes in opulent style. In the Twin Cities' expensive sub-



urban community around Lake Minnetonka, while their children skate, executives sit in their carpeted cabins on the lake ice, drinking bourbon, playing poker, occasionally pulling in a pike from one of the holes drilled in the ice.

Winters are hard but bracing: "Our best time of year," according to a Duluth mine worker. "They build character," says Frank Barth, a transplanted Chicagoan. "They are a great blessing to us. You don't get the weak-kneed beachboys here. They can take it for one winter, then leave." Dr. Ronald J. Glasser, a Minneapolis kidney specialist and author (*365 Days, Ward 402*) who grew up in Chicago, argues that Minnesota winters account for a lot of the



Stephen Keating, president of Honeywell Co. (top). The Dayton brothers—Wallace, Kenneth, Donald, Bruce and Douglas (center), Michael Langham, artistic director of the Guthrie Theater, directs a rehearsal.



social solidarity and character of the state. Says he: "You have to be strong and productive to survive here."

Part of Minnesota's secret lies in people's extraordinary civic interest. The business community's social conscience, for example, is a reflection of the fact that so many companies have their headquarters in the state. The Mayo Foundation has offered to invest \$1,000,000 in face-lifting the downtown district of Rochester. The IBM plant there has given employees leaves of absence, with pay, to work on public interest projects. At the Mayo medical complex itself, now in the midst of its largest expansion in history, Honeywell, 3M Co. and other big state-based corporations have been major contributors to a \$100 million fund drive. The companies' concerns are reflected in their annual reports; most of them carry a section called "Social Concerns," or some such.

Even more important than corporate giving is personal fund raising.

Fund drives currently under way or about to begin in the Twin Cities amount to a staggering \$300 million, of which \$136 million has already been raised. The business effort is twofold—one for cultural activities, one for social and civic affairs. The leading family in both is the Daytons, five brothers who are dominant stockholders in the Dayton Hudson Corp., which last year rang up \$1.4 billion in retail sales.

As downtown Minneapolis was deteriorating in the 1950s, the Daytons elected to keep their huge department store there rather than move it to the suburbs. Cooperating with the city, they turned Nicollet Avenue into a shopping mall and built a system of skyways linking the buildings along the street. The project, spearheaded by Donald C. Dayton, 58, has stimulated more than \$200 million in new downtown construction, reversing the familiar urban pattern of decay and turning the area into a bright and active commercial district. The new 51-story IDS tower, designed by Philip Johnson, is the tallest and most distinguished building between Chicago and San Francisco. Other adornments: Minoru Yamasaki's gracefully pillared Northwestern National Life Insurance Co. Building, and Gunnar Birkerts' Federal Reserve Bank, built along the sweeping lines of a suspension bridge.

The Daytons are best known as patrons of the arts. Kenneth Dayton, 51, is deeply involved in fund raising for a new \$18.5 million music-center complex, which he hopes will rival Washington's Kennedy Center in architecture and acoustics. Bruce B. Dayton, 55, is raising \$26 million for the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, with a new wing designed by Yamasaki. The Guthrie Theater is primarily the contribution of John Cowles Jr., head of the Minneapolis Star & Tribune Co. But the list of big business contributors and fund raisers is much longer.

Migrations. Minnesotans tend to be participants in their communities, perhaps because for so long they were comparatively isolated and developed traditions of mutual reliance. Citizens' lobbies are a real force. The most notable is the Twin Cities Citizens League. Funded by membership fees, foundation and business grants, it includes lawyers, bankers, laborers and company vice presidents. Each fall, the league settles on a variety of projects to study. Committees are formed and meet once a week to hear an expert on the subject under scrutiny. Among the league's pioneering recommendations that became law: the Twin Cities metropolitan council creating an urban regional government and also a tax-sharing program in the seven-county metropolitan area. Through the tax reforms, the effects of new development in one part of the area are shared by all, thus eliminating the pockets of poverty and boom that characterize other urban sprawls. Quite aside from its other accomplishments, the council signals the end of a long



THE VIEW DOWN MAIN STREET IN SAUK CENTRE, THE SETTING OF SINCLAIR LEWIS' NOVEL
Once it was the symbol for a kind of porcine American self-satisfaction, "Dullness made God."

and frequently childish rivalry between St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Some of Minnesota's success can be traced to its ethnic traditions. The earliest pioneers were American Yankees. Then came the migrations—Germans after the Revolution of 1848, then waves of Irish and Scandinavians, later an admixture of Poles and Slavs and other groups. In many respects, the Scandinavians, long the largest single group in the state, have shaped Minnesota's character. They, together with its large Anglo-Saxon and German strain, account for a deep grain of sobriety and hard work, a near-worship for education and a high civic tradition in Minnesota life. Such qualities helped to produce the intelligent calm—and the stolidity—that characterize the efficient Minnesota atmosphere. It is telling that the University of Minnesota is probably the dominant and most prestigious institution in the state. Its president, Malcolm Moos, sees Minnesota as a felicitous mixture of the New England influence and the spirit of the frontier.

Arthur Naftalin, a brilliant mayor of Minneapolis during the '60s, points out that no single group—ethnic, religious or business—has ever been able to take control of the state. There were no Tammany machines to greet the immigrants. "With our great variety," says Naftalin, "we have always had to form coalitions."

The most notable was the Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party that Hubert Humphrey helped nail together in 1944 just before he became mayor of Minneapolis. The Farmer-Labor Party was radical in its origins, with mostly rural, Scandinavian Protestant members and roots in the antimonopolist, Greenback and Populist movements. The Democrats were mostly urban and more conservative, with strong Irish, German and Catholic elements. Within a decade of the merger, the D.F.L. emerged as the dominant force in Minnesota politics, breeding a remarkable collection of na-

tional figures like Humphrey, Orville Freeman, Eugene McCarthy and Walter ("Fritz") Mondale.

The Minnesota Republicans, once intensely conservative, have supported the liberal wing of the G.O.P. for more than a generation. The shift started with Harold E. Stassen, who took over as Governor in 1938, when he was 31. He later became a figure of fun as a perennial presidential candidate, but one of Stassen's many state reforms accounts for much of the honesty of Minnesota politics today. Stassen pushed through a comprehensive civil service law that abolished patronage. "By taking politics out of the back room and engaging thousands in political activity, from women to college students," observes Author Neal R. Peirce in *The Great Plains States of America*, "Stassen made the governmental process in Minnesota a superior instrument of the people's will." Says David Lebedoff, a Minneapolis lawyer and author: "Politics is an honorable profession in this state. In other states, people don't gamble away their best years in politics. Here it's expected, because we feel it is important enough."

Among the state's young citizen-politicians:

► Martin Olav Sabo, 35, the son of Norwegian immigrants, worked his way through Augsburg College. In 1960, as he was preparing to go on to graduate school, a friend encouraged him to run for the state legislature. He did and won, several times. By 1969, at the age of 30, he was the youngest returning member of the house. But he had accumulated enough experience and respect from his colleagues to be elected minority leader. In 1972, he became speaker of the house. The job entitles him to a \$700-a-year raise, but in order to support his wife and two daughters, he sells life insurance on the side. "My philosophy is to do your best wherever you can," says Sabo. Despite his prominence, he still campaigns by

going round his district and knocking on doors.

► Steve Keefe, 27, a Honeywell chemist, won a state senate seat from his south Minneapolis district last year, now spends more than half his time away from his job, politicking. "The company has been really good about it," says Keefe. "I come and go as I please and they reduce my salary accordingly. Frankly, I go more than I come." If he is sacrificing a promising and lucrative career for the vagaries of politics, Keefe has no regrets. "People in politics," he says, "are in it either for the power or they are idealistic. Most of the people I have met are the latter."

► Al Hofstede, 32, grew up in the working class, ethnic neighborhoods of northeast Minneapolis. He worked his way through Saint Thomas College in St. Paul, eventually won a seat as Minneapolis city alderman at the age of 26. Appointed chairman of the metropolitan council in 1971, Hofstede two weeks ago announced his candidacy for mayor of Minneapolis in a bid to unseat Charles S. Stenvig. "I would like to make politics my life," says Hofstede. "There is a purpose here."

A man who embodies the state's virtues as much as any other Minnesotan is the state's young D.F.L. Governor, Wendell ("Wendy") Richard Anderson, 40. The grandson of Swedish immigrants, a handsome former Olympic hockey player from a predominantly lower-middle-class Scandinavian neighborhood in East St. Paul, Anderson was elected in 1970 by 116,000 votes—nearly a landslide in Minnesota.

Like the state itself, Anderson can sometimes seem almost too good to be true. The son of a meat packer, he is something of a populist, an anti-elitist and egalitarian. He has athletic dash and youthful charm that make many of his constituents think of a Midwestern Kennedy. But Harry S. Truman, not J.F.K., is Anderson's hero. He is uncomfortable with great wealth. Says he: "I

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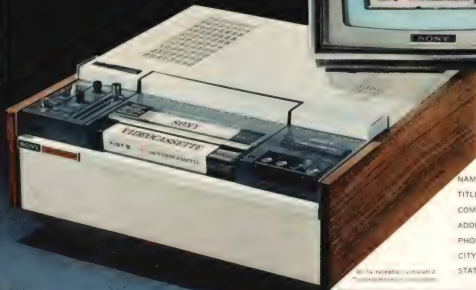
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identify with Truman, Humphrey and Mondale. All of them were poor, close to working people and came from rural backgrounds. It's tougher for me to identify with F.D.R. and J.F.K."

After two terms in the state house of representatives, Anderson was elected to the senate and marked as a comer. In 1968, Hubert Humphrey chose him to be his Minnesota chairman in the presidential race. He began thinking about the governorship and accepting speaking invitations all over the state. In June 1969, when the legislature adjourned, Anderson started a full-time campaign for the D.F.L. gubernatorial endorsement. For months he crisscrossed the state, appearing wherever he could gather an audience. He would drive miles to some small town, make his pitch, have dinner and return home at 2 or 3 in the morning.

Tax-Reform. It was a bold personal gamble. He had no money of his own; the campaign cost more than \$100,000 and left him more than \$30,000 in debt. Says his wife Mary, a bright and gregarious former Bemidji High School homecoming queen whom he married in 1963: "If we had lost, I think we would have had to sell the house, and I would be scrubbing floors today." Anderson was nominated on the sixth ballot. David Lebedoff, who served as his campaign manager, says, "This is a state in which a young guy without means or connections knows the sky is the limit if he runs for public office—and this is why so many do."

In the general elections, Anderson faced an attractive liberal Republican, Douglas M. Head, the incumbent attorney general. There were two pivotal points in the campaign. One was Anderson's appearance in TV spots. He is a startlingly effective TV performer, one of the best since John Kennedy. His frank blue eyes, framed by a rugged, rectangular face, came across and reversed the polls that had favored Head. The second crucial point was his endorsement of a tax-reform program suggested by the Citizens League, a plan calling for the state to take over a large share of the school-financing burden from local districts, mandating a huge increase in the state budget.

The Republicans thought that Anderson had blundered fatally. That they were wrong is an excellent example of the sophistication of the Minnesota voters. They were willing to elect a man who promised to raise some of their taxes in return for larger overall gains. When he took office, Anderson proposed a \$762 million boost in state taxes—roughly a 30% increase in the biennial budget. Eventually, he got through a \$588 million compromise package, with substantial increases in the taxes on liquor and cigarettes, and in corporate and personal income taxes, along with a 1¢ rise in the sales tax. With such state revenues he increased state aid for education from 43% to 63% in the first year, and now to 70%; thereby decreas-

ing the real estate tax burden by an average of 11.5%.

It was a major piece of social legislation, for within a six-year period, it will virtually equalize the per-pupil spending for education throughout the state and thus go a long way toward equalizing education in the cities, suburbs and rural areas. Anderson has had other victories. All legislative meetings of any kind must now be open to the public—no more private executive sessions in the legislature. A full-time ombudsman has been established in the corrections department. The magnificent St. Croix River has been added to the National Scenic River System. Voter registration has in effect been abolished. Anderson has also started a massive reorganization of the executive branch in Minnesota, establishing a department of state planning designed to decentralize and coordinate management of the state's various agencies.

Astonishingly, the huge tax increases did little to diminish Anderson's popularity. Though detractors call him "Spendy Wendy," a recent Minnesota poll showed his level of approval at 50%—with 22% unfavorable.

Anderson's personal habits are conservative. His strongest expletives are "Sugar!" and "Son of a biscuit!" and the most damning thing he generally says—this time about a Democratic Senator—is that "he is a weak tinkler." Anderson still plays hockey in an old-timers' league, jogs daily, packs golf clubs for his out-of-town trips and likes to open the fishing season, although he has had little time for the sport otherwise. He is a staunch civil libertarian, and while he would not think of going to see *Deep Throat*, or even *Last Tango in Paris*, he would never consider try-

ing to shut them down either. *Throat*, in fact, has been playing for weeks in Minneapolis. When working, Anderson likes to have Chopin on the hi-fi. When relaxing, he likes to stretch out on the floor in his shorts, drink beer and watch television. His wife admits, "It is hard to think of him as the Governor then."

Some think that Anderson's future may be larger than Minnesota. Both of the state's Senators, Humphrey and Mondale, have sidelong presidential ambitions for 1976. If neither tries, then Anderson's path to the U.S. Senate is blocked—Humphrey, then 65, would be sure to run again in 1976, and Mondale is not due to run until 1978. Anderson himself faces re-election next year. If he wins well, he could become a serious contender for Vice President on the '76 national ticket—with anyone, of course, except a fellow Minnesotan. Being young, Midwestern, Protestant and a Governor, he might elegantly complement a Ted Kennedy candidacy, although some might think it entirely too youthful a package. Or he might fit in well with a Muskie candidacy. Anderson insists, with a conviction he can afford at such an early age, that "I intend to do the best job I can for the state." It would be understandable of course if Wendy Anderson wanted never to leave Minnesota. Washington would not be half so pleasant.

Other states have more dramatic attractions, of course. To be in Ely or St. Cloud or even Minneapolis on a Saturday night and looking for excitement is to be conscious that nights are for sleeping. But there is something in the verdict of Chuck Ruhr: "California is the flashy blonde you like to take out once or twice. Minnesota is the girl you want to marry."

GOVERNOR WENDELL ANDERSON RELAXING ON THE GRASS IN MINNEAPOLIS





CANADIAN FAREWELL TO A FRIEND



FRUSTRATED CANADIAN ICCS MEMBERS ASSEMBLED TO LEAVE VIET NAM

THE WORLD

INDOCHINA

Leaving the Quagmire

More than six months after a truce agreement was supposed to bring peace to Indochina, fighting rages and casualties mount in South Viet Nam. In Cambodia, the government's forces seem unable to prevent gains by Khmer insurgents, who are now at the outskirts of the capital of Phnom-Penh (see box following page). On the other hand, Laos appears on the brink of a political solution that could bring it real peace for the first time since the second World War.

As usual, the fate of Viet Nam remains obscure. So bleak have the chances become for an early peace in South Viet Nam that last week 244 Canadian members of the International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS) of the truce withdrew and flew home. Their commander, Major General Duncan McAlpine, complained that "there is no cease-fire. It is an illusion." Indeed, by Canada's reckoning, the level of military activity has barely changed since the much heralded signing of the Paris agreement on Jan. 27. McAlpine noted that in the six months before the cease-fire there was a total of 80,000 casualties on both sides; in the six months since, the casualties have been 72,000. "It's not a cease-fire," said a U.S. official, "it's a less-fire."

According to the timetable drawn up in Paris, a political agreement between the Viet Cong and the regime of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu should have been concluded by now. Field commanders from both sides should have met, points of entry for replacement of supplies and equip-

ment should have been designated and zones controlled by the two sides should have been delineated. None of these goals has been accomplished. Nor has the National Council of Reconciliation, charged with arranging elections, been constituted. Instead, Saigon and the Viet Cong hurl recriminations at each other.

Supposedly, the four-member ICCS should investigate such charges. From the start, however, the Poles and Hungarians, the two Communist members, appeared determined to do nothing damaging to Hanoi or the Viet Cong. Because unanimity is required for every ICCS decision, the Canadians found themselves (often along with the Indonesians, the commission's fourth member) stymied whenever they pressed for active enforcement of the truce. According to the Canadians, the Poles and Hungarians refused to approve reports, based on interrogation of North Vietnamese prisoners, that Hanoi was continuing its infiltration of men and supplies—in clear violation of the truce.

Canadian Frustration. The two Communist delegations also blocked effective field inspections of alleged violations—but did investigate some of those for which Saigon was to blame. In frustration, the Canadians withdrew. The U.S. hopes it can persuade Iran to take Canada's place, and expects no difficulty getting the consent of Hanoi, Saigon, and the Viet Cong, as required by the truce.

While peace in South Viet Nam remains as distant as it was six months ago, a different kind of settlement ap-

pears possible for Cambodia. There the Khmer insurgents have gained the initiative and now possess the ability to capture Phnom-Penh if they want—thus winning the war. The militarily and psychologically weakened Lon Nol regime has little chance of gaining any compromises from the victorious insurgents, especially with all American air support due to halt.

Compromise seems possible in Laos, where more than one decade of war has made refugees of one-third of its 3,000,000 people. The government of neutralist Prince Souvanna Phouma and representatives of his half brother Prince Souphanouvong, who leads the Hanoi-backed Pathet Lao forces, appear ready to try yet another coalition government, as they have done unsuccessfully twice before in the past 19 years. Diplomats in Vientiane report that the Pathet Lao, whose army controls 80% of Laotian territory and about one-third of its population, won most of the concessions in the draft agreement. Although Souvanna will head the new government as Premier, his half brother will become the undisputed No. 2 man as First Deputy Premier. Both the Pathet Lao and Souvanna's representatives will get five seats on the new twelve-man Cabinet, with two going to nonaligned public figures.

Most important, the agreement permits the Pathet Lao to keep one battalion and 1,000 policemen in Vientiane, the country's administrative center, and two companies and 500 policemen in Luang Prabang, the royal capital, giving it significant muscle in both important cities.

If the Laotian agreement is formally signed later this month, as expected, the U.S. will have 60 days to withdraw its hundreds of military "advisers" and CIA agents, who have directed and paid



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Shake well with ice. Strain into frosted sour glass. Raise with appropriate toast.

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both Lao and Thai mercenaries in their unsuccessful efforts to stem the Pathet Lao advances. The agreement, however, does not specifically mention the estimated 49,000 North Vietnamese troops currently in Laos.

Theoretically, a coalition government in Laos and an insurgent victory in Cambodia could bring peace to those two nations. But no such prospect is in store for Viet Nam. Resolution of the war in Cambodia and Laos would only give Hanoi's forces unchallenged use of the two countries as staging areas for future attacks against South Viet Nam. Thieu has already warned that a Communist-controlled Cambodia would be intolerable, hinting that he might send South Vietnamese forces into the country. Thus the prospects of peace remain elusive indeed.

DIPLOMACY

Traffic Jam

In the White House driveway there was something close to a traffic jam. Scarcely had the Shah of Iran driven away in his flag-bedecked limousine than Australia's Prime Minister Gough Whitlam pulled up to the door. Yet even as Whitlam walked out the door, he could see that disk-of-the-sun flags were already flying for the next official guest, Japan's Kakuei Tanaka.

For Richard Nixon, the visits were an opportunity to indulge in his favorite subject, foreign relations, and perhaps also to divert his attention—and the public's—from the roiling problems of Watergate. Indeed, almost any foreign statesman passing through town

seemed welcome in the Oval Office. No sooner had Tanaka departed than President Albert-Bernard Bongo of the tiny West African republic of Gabon arrived for a chat with Nixon.

The Australian Prime Minister, who had irritated the President with his criticism of U.S. bombing of North Viet Nam, was snubbed when he sought an invitation to Washington two months ago. Last week he might have been an old friend, so warm was the greeting. Tanaka's visit had been planned pre-Watergate, but Bongo had been scheduled only to receive an honorary degree from Duquesne University in Pittsburgh when the glad hand reached out from the White House.

Happy as he was to see them, Nixon may nonetheless have found the foreign leaders' messages somewhat disconcert-

Phnom-Penh: Packing Their Bags

As the deadline on U.S. bombing approached and insurgent forces moved closer to Phnom-Penh, TIME Correspondent Barry Hillenbrand visited the Cambodian capital and sent this report.

Phnom-Penh is still a pleasant city of wide boulevards and blooming bougainvillea that until now has managed to lead a life singularly remote from the violent realities of the area. Restaurants are still fine and unharmed, the women statuesque and elegant, the pace of life easy and gentle.

Now the bombing shakes the walls each day as the fighting comes closer. Even seasoned veterans glance nervously at each other on occasion, because it is increasingly difficult to distinguish between the thud of American bombs and the thump of incoming insurgent shells. Someone is always claiming that the airport is being shelled.

Refugees cram the city's once spacious environs, building their temporary houses of wood and palm leaves along the boulevards like so many hot-dog stands on the way to the Rose Bowl. But this is not a game. About 3,000 wives and children of the richer families have already fled to France and their European bank accounts. Yet Phnom-Penh is far from chaos. The Khmers do not panic easily.

Squads of police have begun to comb the city to round up last-minute draftees. Those who can pay for freedom (\$200 is the going rate) are released. Those who cannot end up in a muddy makeshift training ground at Prey Sar, a former prison camp. There a weeping new soldier told his story: "The police came to the restaurant where I worked at 9 a.m. and took me away. I have a wife and six children. They do not know where I am. I do not want to be a soldier. I don't want to

die." The camp is already filled with 2,000 such pathetic men, while overhead American jets streak past and drop their loads of bombs only 2½ miles away.

Even before the 9 p.m. curfew the streets are nearly deserted. Chen Houyang, 42, a Chinese businessman, says "We are afraid to go out after 6 o'clock. I'm worried about my sons. The oldest is only 15, but the police will snatch him. All the police know how to do is eat money, money, money. It's never been this bad before," and he snaps his mouth like a dog nipping at the heels of a retreating intruder. People are shifting away from the Lon Nol regime. By the scores refugees are heading out of Phnom-Penh and into new havens on the other side. Others are waiting for the bombing to stop on Aug. 15 before

they join the exodus. Many of the middle class now would seem to welcome the end of the corrupt government of Lon Nol. "The first thing the insurgents will do is shoot the profiteers and the corrupt people," says one Khmer, "and that will be a good move."

The diplomatic community has already abandoned the Lon Nol ship of state. One group after another has evacuated dependents and unnecessary personnel: the Japanese, the British, the Malaysians, the Australians and so on down the line. The U.S. embassy is still at its congressional limit of 200 staffers. Phnom-Penh has only about 65 other American residents, plus about 30 to 40 journalists. They all have been notified of evacuation stations and advised by the embassy that they will be allowed to bring only one small suitcase; the embassy notice suggested that the bag best be packed in advance.

CAMBODIAN SOLDIERS CHECKING REFUGEES HEADING FOR PHNOM-PENH





NIXON & TANAKA INSPECTING HONOR GUARD AT WHITE HOUSE
A glad hand and a warm welcome in the Oval Office.

ing. In sum, they pointed out to him that American power and influence have diminished and that old allies are beginning to walk a more independent path.

Whitlam, in the Australian manner, was the most direct and promised an end to nearly 23 years of meek acquiescence to U.S. policy in Asia. Whereas previous Prime Ministers had vowed that they would go "all the way with L.B.J.," Whitlam, the first Labor Prime Minister since 1950, asserted that Australia is "not a satellite of any country." Though the U.S.-Australian tie is important, he added, it is "only one aspect of our interests and obligations in our region and around the world. I believe that what we offer America now provides a better basis for a durable friendship between Australia and the U.S."

Underneath its veneer of Oriental politesse and indirection, Tanaka's message was remarkably similar. "Not even the United States, with all its might, can unilaterally solve the problems that beset the world today," the Japanese Prime Minister said in a speech to the National Press Club. "Nor should we expect it to do so. These challenges can be met only through global cooperation, and especially through the close collaboration of Japan, the U.S. and Europe." Washington's decision to cut back on exports of soybeans, one of Japan's principal sources of protein, coupled with various other "Nixon shocks" since 1971 and Watergate, has caused Japan to question even more seriously its generation-old reliance on the American word.

As if to make up for past slights, Nixon was effusive in his praise of Japan's performance—"one of the greatest epics of progress in the history of mankind"—and was visibly responsive to the vast change in the Japanese-American relationship. No longer, he said, was the U.S. Japan's "senior partner" or "big brother." The Prime Min-

ister's visit, he said, marks the "equal partnership" between the two countries, "not only in the Pacific but in the world."

All in all, Tanaka's visit was rated a considerable success, a healthy turning point, perhaps, in Japanese-American relations. To underline their new equality, both leaders agreed on a further exchange of visits, with Nixon going to Japan and Emperor Hirohito traveling to the U.S. Though Tanaka's opposition in Tokyo quickly denounced the trips, both journeys are expected to take place before the end of 1974. At the same time, the U.S. promised to help Japan gain a permanent seat on the United Nations Security Council—further, if belated, recognition that Japan is now one of the world's great powers.

If nothing else, the week of visits was a lesson for both Nixon and the U.S. America, the President's guests seemed to be saying, still has the dominant voice in any relationship—but like it or not, it must also listen.

WEST GERMANY

Bugs on the Rhine

The U.S. Army command in West Germany, with almost 200,000 troops, is the largest non-German force left in the country. With East and West talking détente, the Army has little to do but keep house. Recently, however, it has been engaged in another activity: spying on civilians.

Although press reports said that such activity started in June, TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud has learned that Senate investigators have obtained evidence strongly suggesting that intelligence officers launched the spy effort as early as last year. The evidence indicates infiltration of radical, dissident and pro-McGovern groups in West Ger-

many. Both Americans and Germans suspected of being anti-Army were subjected to a wide variety of snooping, including surreptitious photography of members of radical groups, opening of private mail, tapping of telephones belonging to Germans friendly to American radicals, and "monitoring" of the activities of an organization called "Democrats for McGovern," located in West Berlin. The information, gathered by aides of Watergate Committee Member Senator Lowell P. Weicker during an independent investigation of the Nixon Administration's national-security activities, has been turned over to Watergate Committee Chairman Sam Ervin's Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights and to the Senate Armed Services Committee. It is probable that Ervin's subcommittee will look into violations of American citizens' rights abroad.

Immediate Demand. The intelligence program was directed by Major General Harold R. Aaron, deputy chief of staff for intelligence at the U.S. Army's European headquarters in Heidelberg. The Pentagon justified the program on grounds of security, noting that U.S. installations in West Germany were the target of two bomb attacks in May 1972, which killed four soldiers. There have been repeated thefts of machine guns, ammunition and explosives from depots, several cases of arson and numerous attempts to sabotage missile installations. The Army is concerned lest some of its own troops have been involved. There has been continuing militancy among U.S. troops in Germany, particularly among blacks.

Though the Army feels its spying is justified, many Germans are unhappy at such meddling in their affairs. When they learned of the spying two weeks ago, an immediate demand went up for a government investigation. Germans suspected that the spying had taken place without government knowledge, which under German law is illegal. Last week Bonn finally admitted that it had known about U.S. Army spying—but added that the U.S. had asked and received permission for German operatives to carry out wiretapping and surveillance. In other words, it had all been legal.

Questions remain, however. For one thing, Senator Weicker's documents show that, contrary to the Bonn statement, members of the U.S. military—not German agents—engaged in wiretapping against American and German citizens. Another set of documents on the spying operation, according to other press reports, carry the classification "noform," meaning that no foreign national may see them. One of the documents also contains explicit instructions that German secret-service authorities not be informed of a particular spy mission. Senator Weicker's comment on the murky episode was terse. "Somebody," he said, "has got a helluva lot of explaining to do."

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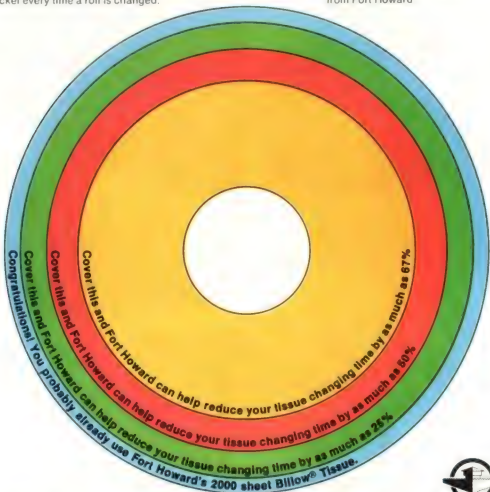
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EAST GERMANY

The Last Cold Warrior

As East and West have moved toward détente, the symbols of the cold war have gradually disappeared. So have the cold warriors. The last of them was Walter Ulbricht, who died last week of heart failure at age 80 near East Berlin, from where he had ruled East Germany for a quarter-century. So ruthless was he in keeping the 17 million East Germans firmly in the Soviet camp that he was probably the most hated

Communist Party leader in the world.

From April 30, 1945, when he returned to Germany from the Soviet Union (where he had spent the war years), Ulbricht was Moscow's man. Tireless and ruthless, he copied much of the repressive Soviet system. As head of the German Democratic Republic, he stamped out all political opposition, attempted to repress religion, and introduced a Stalinist-style censorship of all publications, broadcasts and literature. East German schools became Marxist indoctrination centers.

Only once did Ulbricht face a se-

rious threat to his power. It came in mid-1953 when East Germans grew resentful because of food shortages and police repression that had filled the jails with political prisoners. Instead of relaxing his grip, however, Ulbricht increased working quotas by 10%—and touched off a rebellion. East Berlin's workers took to the streets for two days, shouting "Death to Ulbricht!" Only the intervention of Soviet tanks saved him. From that time on, the presence of at least 20 Russian divisions became a crucial prop of his regime.

Eight years later, Ulbricht faced a

Youthfest in Berlin

The dull gray streets and squares of the most rigidly doctrinaire Soviet-bloc country in Europe last week looked more like Watkins Glen than East Berlin. Along broad Karl-Marx-Allee strolled long-haired young men and women from every continent, laughing and singing. In the big fountain on Alexanderplatz, young people waded, danced and kissed. Their joy was punctuated by the loud beat of dozens of rock combos and brass bands and the music of choral groups.

The occasion was the tenth World Youth Festival, a quadrennial gathering of the young sponsored by the Communist bloc. It attracted 25,000 leftist youths from 134 countries, including 300 from the U.S. They were joined by at least 100,000 blue-shirted members of the German Democratic Republic's highly regimented *Freie Deutsche Jugend* (FDJ), Free German Youth.

On the surface at least, the youth festival reflected East Germany's emerging worldliness after the iron-fisted rule of Walter Ulbricht that ended two years ago (see story above). It was kicked off with a huge parade led by the Vietnamese delegates, who ignited strings of firecrackers to symbolize U.S. guns firing on their people. Speakers ranged from Black Communist Angela Davis to Palestine Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat, both of whom were given enthusiastic receptions.

The feeling of *Gemütlichkeit* began to evaporate when West German youths engaged their East German counterparts in political discussions. Among the FDJ "youth" were more than a few East Germans in their 30s and 40s with the thick necks and receding hairlines of state security men. As West German Socialist youth Leader Wolfgang Roth began to speak on inter-European cooperation, his speech was drowned out by FDJ troublemakers. But at week's end the exuberance of youth seemed to overcome ideology, and Communists and Socialists mingled congenially—at least for the moment.

BURUNDI DELEGATION IN NATIVE DRESS



ANGELA DAVIS APPLAUDING AT RALLY



NORTH VIETNAMESE DELEGATION



YOUTHS RELAXING IN FOUNTAIN





EAST GERMANY'S ULBRICHT (1963)
Fulfilling Lenin's dream.

different kind of crisis. Since the end of the war, more than 3.6 million East German citizens had fled westward, attracted by higher living standards and greater freedom. Ulbricht acted to stop this flood on Aug. 13, 1961, by ordering his soldiers to seal off East Berlin with the infamous 27-mile Berlin Wall. It was cruelly effective: the mass exodus was stopped. Over the years police have killed and injured at least 168 East Germans trying to escape past the wall.

Ulbricht favored similarly harsh measures whenever he felt that orthodox Communist regimes elsewhere in Eastern Europe might permit greater internal freedoms. He championed Soviet intervention in Hungary in 1956 and was the first to denounce the liberal Communist regime of Alexander Dubček in Czechoslovakia in 1968, earning the hatred of Hungarians and Czechs—but reinforcing his support from Moscow.

Envious East Europeans. Despite his repressive rule, Ulbricht accomplished much for which East Germans must be grateful. After the 1953 uprising, he directed the economy to produce more consumer goods. He recruited thousands of engineers and young technicians to manage the economy, encouraging them to use the most modern techniques and equipment. Today this "computer Communism," as other East Europeans enviously call it, has thrust the G.D.R. into the ranks of the world's top ten industrial nations. Its well-stocked supermarkets, the ready availability of many consumer goods such as refrigerators and television sets, and its modern housing complexes give its citizens the highest living standard of any Communist-run country in the world, although still considerably below West Germany's life-style.

At first glance, Ulbricht did not look like the man destined to fulfill Lenin's dream of extending Communism to Germany. Hardly charismatic, he was short and spoke with a squeaky voice

and a rasping Saxon accent. With his steel-rimmed glasses and clipped Lenin beard, he looked more like a bureaucrat than a leader. His tastes were simple. He often referred to himself as a mere cabinetmaker's apprentice, the craft he practiced before becoming a revolutionary during World War I. He used to enjoy meeting with farmers and sloshing through pigsties and muddy fields with them. He believed in the virtues of hard work, and personally emphasized the importance of scientists and technologists.

Lost Socking. Belying his outward simplicity was his great drive and cunning. Throughout the twists and turns of Communist Party history, he proved the ruthless loyalty that made him the trusted instrument of the Soviets. During the Spanish Civil War he went to Spain and helped liquidate the Communists who deviated from the Stalinist line. During the 1930s Ulbricht was suspected of fingering German Communists for Stalin's bloody purges. He fought in the Battle of Stalingrad in his own way—by directing propaganda appeals to undermine the morale of the German soldiers. Sentimentality was foreign to him. Though he had a brother in New York City and a daughter by his first wife (he and his second wife Lotte had no children) in West Germany, he failed to get in touch with either of them during his last years.

In the end, Ulbricht's crusty cold war stance against détente and West Germany's *Ostpolitik* lost him some of Moscow's backing. He found himself increasingly isolated and plagued by failing health. Two years ago he relinquished his post as party First Secretary, naming his longtime protégé Erich Honecker as his successor. Ulbricht retained the largely ceremonial office of Chief of State. Few Germans, East or West, will mourn his passing. Yet few can deny that Ulbricht alone was the architect of modern East Germany, whose separate existence the West Germans have finally accepted and 89 nations now recognize.

DE-TELEGRAPH, AMSTERDAM



THE NETHERLANDS

Demilitarizing the Army

Much as the Dutch like the clatter of wooden shoes on cobblestone streets, they have always detested the clicking of military heels. It reminds them of the years of Wehrmacht occupation. They would prefer the army to walk softly, the way resistance fighters did during World War II.

Thus the reform-minded Dutch government recently canceled all military parades planned for the anniversary celebrations of Queen Juliana's 25-year reign next month. Socialist Prime Minister Joop den Uyl found that they would "not fit the mentality of our people." Under prodding from a conscripts' union, to which half of the Dutch army's 60,000 men belong, a number of traditional military disciplines have also been found unacceptable to the Dutch mentality. The union has already won its case against reveille, 10 p.m. roll calls, wearing uniforms at meal-times, and similar spit-and-polish regulations. It also got the Defense Ministry to allow soldiers to keep their hair long providing they stuffed it into nets during maneuvers. Last week the union won its biggest victory: dropping the requirement to render a formal military salute. Explained the Defense Ministry's State Secretary Joseph Mommersteeg: "We only abolished the obligation, not the military salute as such," which seems a little like emptying a bottle of champagne while trying to preserve the bubbles.



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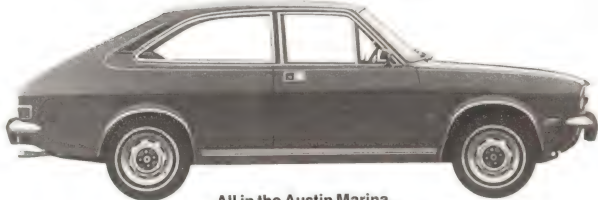
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BRITAIN

Freudian Slip

The little band that represents the Liberal Party in Britain's House of Commons has the ragtag and comically mismatched look of Sergeant Bilko's platoon. It includes a 300-lb. spring maker, a Welsh barrister, a teacher from the Scottish highlands and an insurance manager from one of London's blue-blood suburbs. Their leader is an engaging aristocrat, Jeremy Thorpe, 44, an amateur violinist and accomplished mimic whose ancestors were serving in Parliament in the 14th century. Now the band has been joined by David Austick, a bald lay preacher and bookseller, and Clement Freud, an antic journalist and television personality who, besides being Sigmund's grandson, is best known to the British electorate for his baleful appearances with a bloodhound named Henry in a commercial for dog food.

Austick, 53, and Freud, 49, won stunning victories in by-elections on the same day. That gave the Liberals four of the eight national by-elections they have contested in the past year, and it has sent Tory and Labor politicians alike into their own form of self-analysis, probing whether all their recent slips at the polls are something more than Freudian. Altogether, the Liberals now occupy only ten of the 630 seats in the Commons. But suddenly they are no laughing matter—at least of all to the Conservative government and the Labor opposition.

The victories of Austick in Ripon and Freud in Ely occurred in well-to-do farming areas formerly considered among the safest Tory seats. To increase their advantage, the Tories called the by-elections so soon after the deaths of the Tory incumbents that one of the bereaved families complained about unseemly haste. In Ripon, the Liberals did not have a phone at their campaign headquarters until two weeks before the

vote. In Ely, Freud recalls, "there were 400 sq. mi. of trees already plastered with Conservative posters while I was still waiting to get estimates from my printer."

Clearly, the Liberal victories constituted a significant upset to Prime Minister Edward Heath and his government, whose parliamentary majority is now down to 15. As in the other by-election losses, the Tories seemed to be hurt most by Britain's floundering economy and spiraling inflation. But the by-elections were equally a setback to Labor Leader Harold Wilson and his party. Labor not only failed to pick up dissatisfied Tory supporters, it even lost some of its own. Labor's problem, it appears, is that the party is so racked by internal squabbling and irresolute leadership that it often seems to be in worse shape than the country.

Higher Sights. The resurgence of the Liberals may have more to do with style than substance. Their major policies are not strikingly different from those of the Tories (firmly pro-European and antinationalization), but the Liberals have caught the voters' eye with colorful candidates emphasizing local affairs. "We have changed," says Liberal Chairman Cyril Carr, "from being a theoretical, intellectualized party to a down-to-earth one."

Long advocates of individual rights and freedoms, the Liberals have been translating their rhetoric into action by becoming more involved in community politics. As a result, they have been mockingly dubbed "pavement politicians." But they have set their sights higher than that. As Leader Thorpe points out: "If the voters trust us on the local issues, there is a chance they'll follow us on the national ones."

The question is whether the Liberal support that has been blooming in the by-elections will wither in the next general election, to be held by 1975. Almost no politician, including Liberal loyalists who have been disappointed by short-lived revivals before, believes that the

party has a chance of forming the next government. But even if current support continues at the same level—roughly 26% in the public opinion polls and 32% in by-election ballots—the Liberals could well become a major force for the first time since Lloyd George's government a half-century ago.

THE PHILIPPINES

Marcos' Millions

"The people trooped by the millions to cast their votes," marveled Manila's *Daily Express*. "They had an enthusiasm that had not been seen in previous elections." Indeed, the 91% support for a referendum that gives President Ferdinand Marcos nearly unlimited power was almost miraculous in the fractious Philippines. Or it would have been, except for the fact that 1) the penalty for not voting was up to six months in prison; 2) most people were afraid that if they voted no they would go to jail; and 3) a high government official, with rare if somewhat cynical candor, admitted that even a nationwide no vote would be reported as a yes vote.

Still, like all new strongmen—and a few old ones—Marcos, 55, apparently felt that he needed popular approval. For months the press, once the most outspoken in Asia but now censored, extolled the government. Realizing that such unctuous flattery was making a mockery of the whole election, Secretary of Information Francisco Tatad finally warned against "incompetent praise" and "24-hour encomiums." To ensure a maximum turnout, illiterates were added to the voting rolls and the franchise was extended to 15-year-olds.

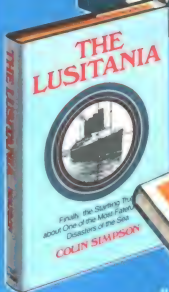
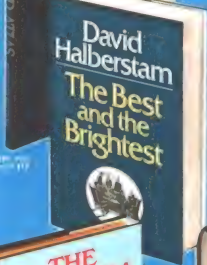
The accent on youth was not surprising. In an interview with *TIME* Correspondent David Aikman, Marcos last week drew some parallels between his own revolution in the Philippines and China's youth-dominated Cultural Revolution. "I can understand the Cultural



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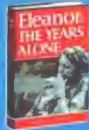
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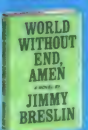
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PRESIDENT FERDINAND MARCOS, WIFE IMELDA & FAMILY
Feeling the need for popular approval.

Revolution of Mao Tse-tung," Marcos explained. "After so many years it was necessary to rededicate the ideals of his revolution."

He added: "The problem of rededication is always ticklish. I have noticed a backsliding (since his own imposition of martial law last September) on the part of not only civilian government employees, but also the military. We have to stop this backsliding before we can do anything, because we are returning to the old society. There must be self-criticism and candor among officials. The same old politicians are coming back and asking for favors and you hear the same old inclinations toward corruption. You note the weaknesses of officialdom, the discourtesies, the disregard and lack of respect for the people. The moment officials start showing their weaknesses the people are going to follow. Undoubtedly then the whole thing will disintegrate and end up with violence. Then the fear of the military taking over will be valid."

Clear Orders. With his referendum victory, Marcos promised, political opponents would quickly be released from jail—his regime now has 6,000 of them behind bars—and he blamed the military for dragging its feet in letting them go. "I have given the military a deadline of the middle of [this] month," he asserted. "The military should tell me pointblank what evidence they have against these men. If they have none, then release them. If they have evidence, then go to trial. I talked to the Secretary of Defense yesterday and asked him to tell me exactly what they are doing about the detainees because my orders are very clear: clear all the stockades as fast as you can."

With the referendum over, the press will now be "encouraged" to drop its embarrassing sycophancy. "Why is there no criticism from the media? We will have to encourage a little more assertiveness on the part of those who should help. During this period of adjustment the question in the back of the minds of those engaged in writing is: Am I going to get into trouble because of my writings? The problem is to convince them they won't get into trouble. I guarantee that they won't be prosecuted, but the thing is, will they believe it? Freedom is not just declared; it is exercised."

New Society. Making correspondents believe in their freedom is only one of the problems Marcos will have to face in the coming months. The Philippines is confronted with a serious rice shortage, and it must deal with an equally serious insurrection of Moslems on the islands of Mindanao and the Sulu Archipelago. "We are not going to set any deadlines for an end to the insurgency, but we expect before the year is over we should be able to settle whatever little dissidence is left."

Finally there is the problem of creating the "new society"—an authentically Philippine society—to which Marcos says he is committed. "Filipinos are not worse than any other colonized people except that our colonization was a little longer and the independence movement was always dictated in political terms, never in social ones. We borrowed terms but we didn't understand them. But now we've had to declare our independence all over again." After Marcos' stage-managed referendum, however, true freedom may be the most impossible goal of all.

AUSTRALIA

The Mice That Roared

"Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock"—and if he knows what is good for him, the Melbourne mouse will run right down again, straight into his hole. Beset by a city-wide rise in food poisoning and mouse-nibbled documents in the Supreme Court, Melbourne health authorities have ordered all-out war on the city's mice. "Even pet mice must go," decreed Dr. Adrian Palmieri, the city's senior district health officer. "They breed like the rest and will mate with wild mice if they get the chance."

Palmieri, however, did not reckon with the power of the Australian National Mouse Club, a small but vocal group (57 humans and 2,861 mice) that is dedicated to the care, protection and love of *Mus musculus*, or the ordinary house mouse. "Disease carriers, indeed!" protests Mrs. Sheila Simpson, the club's president. "It's more likely that they will catch something from us. They're always getting tonsillitis or colds from the kids."

To plan their counterstrategy, the club members—and their mice—assembled recently in their Mousehouse, a suburban garage. Between discussions they looked at one another's pets and prepared for their next show—assuming of course that they have anything left to show. (The ideal mouse, according to Mouse Club guidelines, must be "long and slim in body, with a long, clean head, neither square nor too pointed at the nose. The eyes should be large, bold and prominent; the ears large, free from creases, carried erect and set wide apart.") The strategy—quiet diplomacy, rather than noisy, ratlike demonstrations—paid off. The health department at least agreed to investigate the club's case against a proposed law that would call for a maximum fine of \$705 against anyone harboring a mouse.



MEMBER OF MELBOURNE'S MOUSE CLUB
And beware of kids with colds.



CORNELIA WALLACE TAKES OFF

Cornelia Wallace, 34, the beautiful second wife of Alabama's Governor **George Wallace**, likes to drive fast, so fast, in fact, that she recently joked to a nonplussed **Dick Cavett**, they had to "put a governor on me." She has now approached the sound barrier as a passenger in an F-4 Phantom fighter belonging to the Alabama National Guard. Back on the ground at Montgomery's Dannelly Field, Cornelia announced, "I think we should have more women pilots, and I hope it will not be too long before we have a woman in the space program." Meanwhile, dressed as she was in an olive flight suit with the three stars of a lieutenant general on each shoulder, Cornelia out-ranked every man in sight.

Pert, occasionally impertinent Newswoman **Sally Quinn**, 32, this week begins squaring off against NBC's **Barbara Walters** each morning on CBS-TV. During rehearsals leading up to the debut, she was alternately laughing hysterically and feeling "frozen with terror." Sally shares an apartment with her longtime boy friend, Warren Hoge, city editor of the New York *Post*, but their schedules leave them few free hours together—she works from 1 a.m. till noon, he from 8:30 a.m. to 8:30 p.m. When Sally moved to Manhattan, her colleagues at the *Washington Post*, where she had been a reporter for four years, gave her a going-away present in keeping with her new status: a full-size door marked with a huge gold star. One fellow staffer scribbled a tongue-in-cheek reference to Sally's rise to instant fame: "Write if you get work."

They were back in Rome where it all started eleven years ago during the filming of *Cleopatra*. This time it was

FILM VERSION OF \$175,000 DEATH CAR

SEX SEEN—GENERAL 1



SALLY QUINN SQUARES OFF ON CBS-TV AGAINST BARBARA WALTERS

quits for **Elizabeth Taylor** and **Richard Burton**. After a 17-day separation and brief reconciliation, the Burtons were filing for a "friendly" divorce in Switzerland, their legal residence. In spite of rumors about **Peter Lawford**, **Warren Beatty** and **Helmut Berger**, Liz denied that there were any other men involved. Richard was equally insistent that he had no new loves. Meanwhile, Liz began work on her new film *The Driver's Seat*. Her comment to those who tried to console her: "It takes one day to die—another to be born."

When **Faye Dunaway** and **Warren Beatty** thrashed to death as the gunfire of Texas Rangers sheriffs' deputies hit their car in the climactic scene of *Bonnie and Clyde*, audiences too were riveted to their seats in horror. Now Peter Simon II, 22, a casino owner from Jean, Nev., who saw the movie three times, has become the proud owner of the actual death car, a Ford V-8 sedan that **Bonnie Parker** and **Clyde Barrow** stole in 1934 from a farm in Topeka. (Barrow wrote Henry Ford I: "I drove Fords exclusively when I could get away with one. For sustained speed and freedom from trouble, the Ford has got every other car skinned.") Its new owner plans to exhibit the sedan, still bloodstained and riddled with 160 bullet holes, at \$2.50 a throw. For him it wasn't exactly a steal. He paid \$175,000 for it at



LIZ STARTS A NEW LIFE IN ROME

FORD MCCARTHY



PEOPLE

a Princeton, Mass., auction, making it the most expensive used car in history, dearer even than **Adolf Hitler's** Mercedes 770-K, which went to a Pennsylvania amusement-park owner for \$153,000 last January.

"It sure is great to be home," said Indianapolis Mayor **Richard Lugar** in the understatement of the summer. He, his wife **Charlene** and their four sons had flown to Denver for a week's vacation in the Rockies. Because of the gas shortage, the Lugars spent most of the first day waiting in a long line to fill up their rented car at a self-service gas station. The next day, **Charlene** bit down on a piece of rock candy and broke off a tooth. On her way to the dentist, she slipped and broke a bone in her foot. Back in Indianapolis, a wheelchair and crutches awaited the Lugars' 6 p.m. return, but aboard their scheduled plane in Denver, a stewardess accidentally blew open a large hatch that ejected an emergency chute. The crew could not get the chute back into the plane, so the Lugars grabbed another flight to Chicago. There they made a sweaty cross-terminal dash, with **Charlene** in a wheelchair, to their connecting flight. Aloft, **Lugar** looked out the window and discovered that one of the engines was on fire. The plane returned to Chicago to be welcomed by fire and emergency trucks. A fourth plane finally got them back to Indianapolis and a patiently waiting cop, with wheelchair.

The kidnapers were demanding \$17 million ransom for **Eugene Paul Getty II**, the 16-year-old grandson of the American oil billionaire (TIME, July 30). After Paul's grandfather refused to shell out, his mother **Gail Getty Jeffries** returned to Rome from her seaside hideout and appealed to the kidnapers to "negotiate on a more realistic basis," reportedly offering them \$500,000 instead. Meanwhile the red-haired, freckle-faced **Getty** turned up nude in several poses for *Playmen*, a spaghetti imitation of *Playboy*. The pictures had been taken a week before his disappearance and sold to the magazine for \$1,000 by a photographer friend.

John Ehrlichman told the Ervin committee that he was too busy with momentous problems to devote much time to Watergate. One of the matters to which he gave priority has now come to light. The editors of *Compton's Picture Encyclopedia* had routinely sent a copy of the *Compton Yearbook* to the White House library, and **Ehrlichman** on March 12 found time to fire off a letter criticizing the new volume. "Nothing that Senators [Vance] **Hartke** and [Hubert] **Humphrey** have written on today's veteran justifies in any way the price of the book. To the contrary," wrote **Ehrlichman**, referring to an article on amnesty by **Humphrey** and one on veterans by **Hartke**, the chairman of the Senate Committee on Veterans Affairs. **Ehrlichman** said he was sending the *Yearbook* blank because it was a "journal of very slanted opinion."

"I could not dance for another second with **Rudi**. He is so jealous!" Russian Ballerina **Natalia Makarova** was giving her side of the story about why she had walked out on her new partner **Rudolf Nureyev** in Paris. "That man!" she sputtered. He became furious when he realized that crowds at an open-air production of *Swan Lake* had come to see her, not him. Moreover, "I am used to ballet that is refined, and a partner must be refined, flexible, sensitive." She added, "Things are difficult for a man who is 35." So much for the speculation that **Natalia**, 32, would replace **Margot Fonteyn**, 54, in *Rudi's pas de deux*.



NATALIA MAKAROVA SAYS "NYET" TO RUDI

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Makings and Unmakings

Since 1961, Theodore H. White's colorful, magisterial narratives of presidential campaigns have become a standard part of the election returns, a quadrennial post-mortem on the body politic. In *The Making of the President—1972* (published this week by Atheneum), White faced his severest test to date. The 1972 campaign, dominated by a challenger who could not get started and an incumbent who would not come out to fight, was short on political blood and guts. More important, the campaign's invisible drama—Watergate and related skulduggery—did not begin unfolding until White was in the final stages of writing. Now Watergate overshadows the visible campaign of 1972.

White admits these handicaps. But in the record of a frustrating campaign, he sees signs of a momentous change in the national psyche, a visible shift in the U.S. cycle between bouts of idealism and fits of hunkering down. The election, he says, signaled the retreat of New Deal domestic and postwar foreign policies that had "increased the power of the state beyond the experience of any previous generation." In White's view, McGovern was the spokesman for an increasingly tarnished liberal orthodoxy, advocating ever greater use of federal legislation and revenues for social tinkering. Nixon heralded a welcome stand-down, promising voters a withering away of the giant federal state and its intrusive demands. "The Americans," White concludes, "were for slowing the pace of power, and they chose Richard Nixon."

What the voters saw, White adds, may not have been what they got. Nixon, after all, concentrated power in the Executive Branch to an extent that is only now becoming clear, and his Ad-

ministration gave law-enforcement authorities new access to private lives. McGovern, for his part, had considerable difficulty in appealing to the Democrats' traditional liberal constituency, and may yet be viewed as the forerunner of some genuinely new politics—or merely as a quirk.

White portrays McGovern's nomination as a well-intentioned but undeniable disaster. The McGovern "guerrilla" movement, as White tells it, was born on a hot, violent night in Chicago in 1968, when distracted delegates to the Democratic National Convention voted to reform their party during the next four years—and unwittingly bound themselves to what in effect became ethnic, sexual and youth quotas. Dominated by a staff of zealous reformers, the resulting commission succeeded in passing a series of sweeping new rules favorable to women, youth and blacks virtually under the unsuspecting noses of many party regulars.

Militant Elitism. White persuasively argues that the formula devised to determine the makeup of delegations to the 1972 Democratic Convention could not help working against the goal of fairness. The "quota idea," White says, inevitably excluded as well as included. "By insisting on a fixed proportion of youth, for example, and ignoring a fixed proportion of the elderly, it excluded the old. By insisting on a fixed proportion of blacks, Indians or Spanish-speaking and ignoring, say, Italians, Poles, Irish, Jews, old-stock colonials, it restricted." The Democrats' Pepsi-delegations, White suggests, were ready-made for McGovern's antiwar crusades, but left their candidate hostage to a militant elitism that excluded much of the country. Although McGovern sought to edge away from the New Left, in the public mind he was saddled with rad-

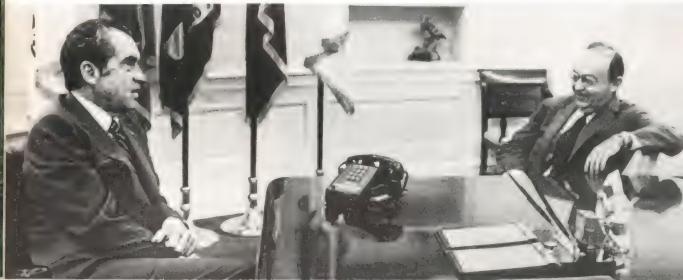
ical positions on drugs and abortion, among other issues of his farther-out supporters.

White's powers of reportage have if anything improved over the years. Often more thoroughly than the candidates, he illuminates areas peripheral to the campaign but crucial to the country. Sometimes these forays seem to be simple stalling, but often they clarify and enlighten. His summary of America's dwindling power in international trade and economics sweeps the reader across oceans of abstract finance and deposits him squarely in the Nixonomics of Phase I, inaugurated in August 1971. "Nixon had offered a makeshift, transitory response to a problem of bread-and-butter, because politically he could not do otherwise," White says. "But in doing so he had opened a new chapter of American history. The postwar world was thoroughly over, at home as abroad, at the meat counter as in Viet Nam."

White masterfully conveys those few instances in the campaign when real drama flared, including the selection and dumping of Thomas Eagleton as McGovern's running mate. But like the election, the book belongs to Richard Nixon. The President strides into China, and in the moment of a handshake with Chou En-lai, "China was erased as the enemy."

At home, he manfully wages war not so much with the floundering Democrats as with a more dangerously hostile press, "which claimed it understood and spoke for the people better than he did himself." For years a critic of Nixonian hatchet politics, White has grown increasingly sympathetic to the now quieter Nixon style. Proudly and yet often painfully aware that he was "essentially alone" in everything he did, White writes, Nixon developed a re-

PRESIDENT NIXON & AUTHOR THEODORE H. WHITE AT THE WHITE HOUSE IN 1972





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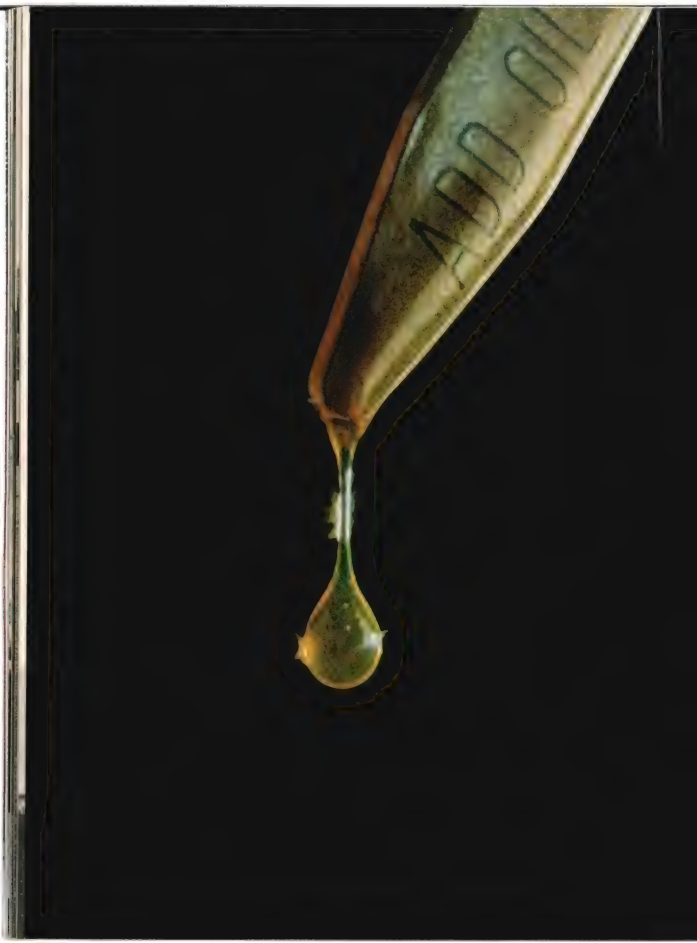
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markable "fatalism of outlook and a personal melancholy which added wisdom to his reflections."

The book was to have ended on a triumphant note, a "view from Olympus," on March 17, 1973, as Nixon described his use of a President's power in an exclusive interview with the author. White records a self-confident Nixon, trained by four years in office to ignore public tumult and exclude all but highest-priority matters from his attention; such tough-minded devotion to long views is, White decides, the stuff of history. At that time, he writes, "my judgment would have cast Richard Nixon as one of the major Presidents of the 20th century, in a rank just after Franklin Roosevelt, on a level with Truman, Wilson, Eisenhower, Kennedy." Six days after White left the President, James McCord's letter to Judge John Sirica blew open the Watergate cover-up. In evident distress, White writes: "I was to be brought down from Olympus to consider, with the President and millions of other Americans, the housekeeping of power—and its abuse."

Frantic Pace. This unexpected turn threw a kink into White's narrative that no amount of last-minute revision could disguise. White had originally allocated only ten pages to Watergate (in a book of nearly 400), prudently holding four more in reserve for postelection developments. The string of Watergate explosions in March and April rendered that plan thoroughly inoperative and forced White into a frantic race against future disclosures and the clock.

"On about May 1," he says, "I knew I was never going to make a May 15 deadline. I got page proofs on May 9, and I had to start tearing them up and rewriting." The last words were added on the evening of June 8—a scant two months before publication. Even if the scandal had come fully to light before the election—and Nixon had reacted to it by ordering a thorough housecleaning of his Administration—White maintains that the President's popular majority would not have fallen below 55%. Perhaps so, but the reader wonders whether White would have found in that result a resetting of national priorities quite so epic as the one he reads into the 60.7% landslide actually recorded.

Busy preparing a television documentary on the campaign and awaiting reviews, White continues to follow Watergate and admits to some third thoughts arrived at too late for inclusion in the book. "The White House special intelligence unit—the plumbers—shakes me; the economy going out of control shakes me." White continues to praise Nixon's first-term accomplishments while "suspending judgment on the President until Watergate is over." He is saddened by the summer's disclosures, but not in the least convinced that his views have been fatally outdated. "I am not," he says, "competing in the pity and outrage sweepstakes of 1973."

EDUCATION



THE MCCRARYS WITH SON MICHAEL

No Private Segregation

Sandra McCrary, a U.S. Navy employee who lived in the Washington suburb of Falls Church, Va., and Margaret Gonzales, a Howard University secretary in nearby Dale City, Va., once shared the same baby sitter. That was how they found out that they also shared the same problem. The McCrarys' son Michael, 2, and the Gonzaleses' son Colin, 6, had both been rejected by local private schools. So the parents went to court and charged that their children had been barred on racial grounds. Last week Federal District Judge Albert V. Bryan Jr. ruled in their favor and declared for the first time that private schools cannot practice racial discrimination.

Although there is no law specifically covering segregated private schools, Judge Bryan, citing the Federal Civil Rights Act of 1866, stated that "all persons shall have the same right to make and enforce contracts as is enjoyed by whites." He declared that the barring of black children from private schools violated their parents' right to make a contract. If the ruling is upheld after the appeals being planned by the Southern Independent Schools Association, it will be binding on that group's entire membership: 395 private schools and 180,000 pupils in seven Southern states. Theoretically, the decision can also be applied to Northern private schools if discrimination can be proved.

The two schools against which the suit was filed in 1972—Bobbe's Private

School in Arlington and Fairfax-Brewster School in Fairfax County—both denied in the court that race had been their guide, but Judge Bryan called the denials "unbelievable." Neither school has ever had a black pupil or a black applicant. Bryan said the admissions policies of the schools show no "plan or purpose of exclusiveness for the selection of students other than race." The fact that the schools are open to every white child, he said, "disposes of the argument that these were truly private schools."

Allison W. Brown Jr., attorney for the parents, praised the decision as a provisional end to a "gray area" in education. "It was not clear that private schools were covered by the civil rights laws," he said. "Many schools believed that if they got no Government funds and were completely private, then they didn't have to operate in a nondiscriminatory fashion. This clarifies it."

Attorney George S. Leonard, who represented the Southern Independent Schools Association, said the appeal would be taken to the Supreme Court, if necessary. "There is no longer a place of refuge for any group," he said. "This is about the most important freedom decision ever made. It is so fundamental it affects the entire country."

As a practical matter, both the McCrary and Gonzales families have moved to different neighborhoods, but for their troubles, Judge Bryan awarded them damages totaling \$7,500.

Watergate for Credit

The fall course catalogue at the University of Chicago will contain an unusual entry: a three-credit course on "Constitutional Aspects of Watergate."

"The name has drawing power," says Law Professor Philip B. Kurland, 52, whose office has received "30 or 40 calls" since the class was announced two weeks ago. The semester-long course is limited to 25 undergraduates who will meet four hours a week.

Kurland, a distinguished author (*Politics, the Constitution, and the Warren Court*) and a consultant to the Ervin committee, will focus on the questions of separation of powers, Executive privilege and impeachment. He sees the crisis as the "apex of the transfer of power away from our elected representatives to the Executive Branch of Government." When asked if his course would be taped, Kurland said, "No."

Skylab's New Crisis: A Rescue Mission?

It was early morning in Houston when the first hint of trouble came. Watching his instrument console, an engineer on duty in Mission Control noticed an unusual temperature drop in the fuel system of one of the clusters of little steering rockets on the Apollo command and service modules (CSM) that had carried the second Skylab crew to their orbital home on July 28 and is needed to ferry them back to earth. About fifteen minutes later, the astronauts themselves became aware of the problem when an alarm went off aboard the space station, jolting them out of their sleep. Later, as they looked out of the window, they saw sparkling particles streaming by the orbital workshop. Said Skylab Commander Alan Bean with the coolness of a lunar-landing veteran: "We thought that was unusual." So it was. The temperature drop and the particles signaled a crisis that could lead to the first rescue mission in the history of space flight.

Controllers quickly determined the cause of the symptoms: a line from the tank containing the oxidizer necessary to fire the thrusters had apparently sprung a leak. That mishap—coupled with the earlier loss of oxidizer from a unit in one of the other four-nozzle clusters when a valve jammed during rendezvous with Skylab—left the ferry craft with part of its attitude control system not working. For several nerve-racking hours last week, NASA officials contemplated bringing the second crew of Skylab astronauts home immediately, lest any further deterioration in the Apollo rocket control system jeopardize their chances of a safe splashdown. By week's end the space agency had settled on a different course. For the time being at least, the Skylab team would be allowed to continue its record-breaking 59-day mission. As a safeguard, however, round-the-clock work was ordered at Cape Kennedy to prepare an-

other Apollo craft for a rescue mission.

Skylab's most recent problem came only a day or so after Bean and Space Rookies Jack Lousma and Owen Garriott had finally overcome a bad case of motion sickness brought on by their exposure to zero G. During the initial stages of their mission, the crewmen—especially Lousma, who vomited several times—were barely able to perform routine housekeeping and experimental chores. But their "stomach awareness," as NASA euphemistically called it, was quickly overshadowed by the oxidizer leak.

The loss of the thrusters on Apollo's service module was not in itself critical. Experience in NASA's ground simulators has shown that an Apollo spacecraft can be steered with only one service-module rocket cluster—or even with only the thrusters on the command module. What worried space-agency engineers was the possibility of further deterioration in the propulsion system. The small thruster systems, as well as Apollo's big main engine at the rear of the service module, use the same type of oxidizer. What is more, the chemical had come from the same batch at Cape Kennedy. Thus, if it contained some contaminant, all of the spacecraft's engine systems might well be imperiled.

Space Walk. Shortly after the trouble was identified, Christopher C Kraft Jr., the Johnson Space Center's director, put in a call to Cape Kennedy. How soon could a rescue vehicle be made ready for launch? He also checked with NASA headquarters in Washington about such a mission. By midmorning, after emergency meetings in Washington, Houston and the Cape, Kraft had his answers. A three-shift, 24-hour-a-day operation could get a rescue vehicle (actually the command ship originally designated to be used by the third Skylab team) ready for launch by September 10. NASA headquarters also approved the cost: at least an extra \$2,000,000.

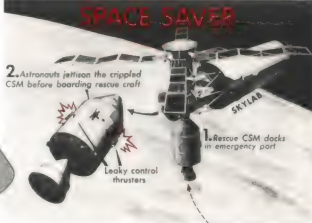
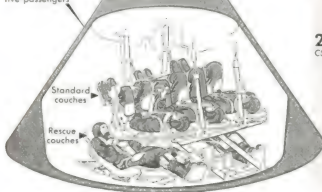
As the order went out to begin the preparations, the shape of the proposed

rescue became clear. Cape Kennedy's Pad 39B would have to be hastily readied for another launch. The Apollo rescue ship would have to be stripped of other gear to accommodate five passengers instead of the usual three and ballasted with 1,000 lbs. of lead to compensate for the resulting shift in the center of gravity. Astronauts Vance Brand and Don Lind, back-up Skylab crewmen, would pilot the craft to a rendezvous with Skylab and probably dock in an emergency port at the side of the space station (see chart). The three Skylab astronauts would then eject the disabled Apollo from the docking module to make room for the third crew, which NASA still optimistically hopes to send up in November.

The final decision to launch the unprecedented rescue mission will not be made until early in September. At week's end, in fact, space-agency officials were still hoping that there would be no need for it at all. For one thing, chemical tests at the Cape on samples of the oxidizer used for the Skylab mission showed that it was not contaminated and probably not responsible for the leak. Commented Kraft: "You always end up preparing yourself for the worst and you usually end up in a better position." He also sent word to the Skylab crew that they were still "go" for a full mission.

Said the elated Bean: "That's what we've been hoping you would say." In fact, the astronauts got ready to take their repeatedly postponed space walk early this week. That will enable them to erect a second sunshade over the area stripped bare when a micrometeorite shield ripped off during Skylab's launch in May. The astronauts will also take the opportunity to reload their solar-telescope array with fresh film. Underscoring the renewed optimism at Houston that Skylab would survive this latest crisis, Kraft made arrangements to bring Soviet Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin to Houston at week's end for a look at operations inside Mission Control.

Rescue Command Module modified to carry five passengers



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SHE SENT THE WORD.

Cross Headquarters in Washington, D.C. And before 4:00 am, the news was sent by teletype to Corporal Charlie's base in Korea.

Love may be what makes the world go round. But the Red Cross is what gets the messages around. To servicemen, everywhere.

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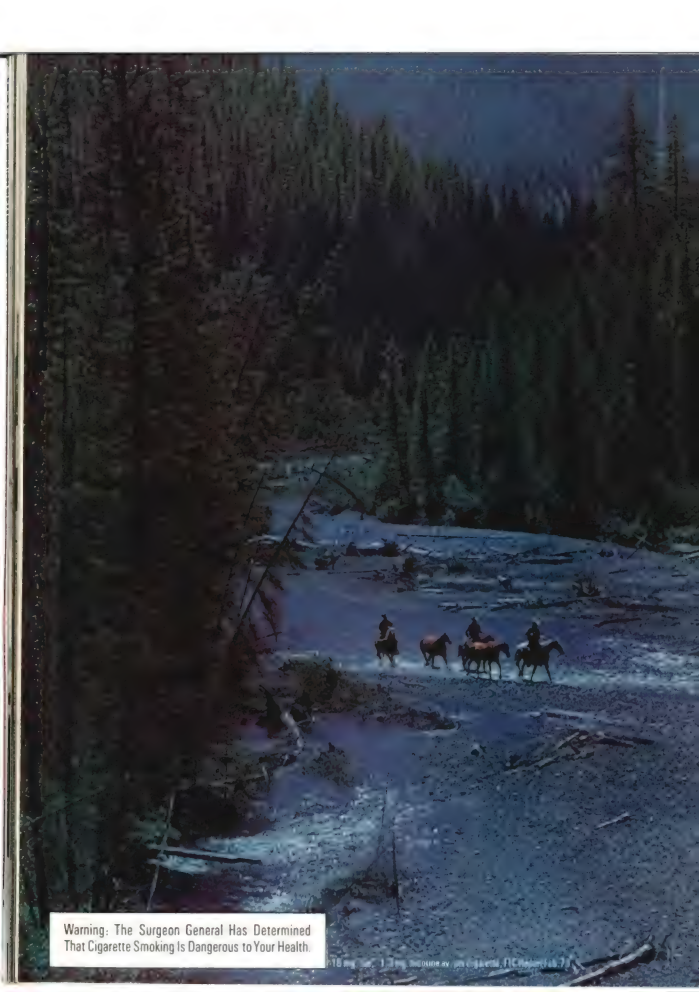
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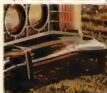
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THE THEATER

Tamelessness Is All

KING LEAR

by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

James Earl Jones seems to know a good deal about kingship but very little about old age. His *King Lear* at the New York Shakespeare Festival in Central Park has a certain grandeur in the early portions of the work, a ground base of reasonable outrage over the lèse-majesté of his elder daughters. Yet the eccentricities of age—the sudden frets and pets, the false starts, queer hesitations and erratic humors of senility—are only rarely present.

As a result, Lear's descent into madness after Goneril (Rosalind Cash) and



JONES & CASH IN "LEAR"
Wowing with elocution.

Regan (Ellen Holly) turn him out of the very houses he gave them is distressingly smooth, almost melodramatic. Jones never touches the universal and timeless fears of generational revolt that are implicit in the play. Indeed, much of the time his work seems more elocutionary than emotional. He relies too heavily on wowing the audience with his rich, supple voice.

Director Edwin Sherin's stage movement is brisk and effective, but there is no wildness in it, no sense of irrational forces fiercely at play. Among the rest of the cast, only Rene Auberjonois as Edgar rises above rep company competence. In his mad scenes he finds and illuminates the heart of the darkness Shakespeare was trying to penetrate. If his fellows had his verve and imagination, this *Lear* might have been more than just another turn by a gifted, but perhaps overly ambitious, star.

■ Richard Schickel



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The Superpromoters

In the tiny upstate New York town of Watkins Glen last week, the sound of rock music was heard no more. The previous weekend's massive Summer Jam was over, and in its wake were other sounds. The vroom of departing campers, jalopies and motorcycles as the last of 600,000 pop fans set out along roads which for the first time in nearly a week were not clogged with traffic. The crunching of garbage compactors at work on tons of litter from the auto-race-track festival site. The echo of unanimous voices raised at the Schuyler County legislature in favor of a four-month moratorium on further large concerts in the area. And, of course, the rustle of money being counted; after expenses of \$1.3 million, the Summer Jam stands to net a profit of \$200,000.

PRODUCERS FINKEL & KOPLIK



WATKINS GLEN RESIDENTS STEP THROUGH RUBBLE AFTERMATH OF SUMMER JAM



Not a bad showing for the festival's young, unknown co-producers, Shelly Finkel, 29, and Jim Koplik, 23. The Brooklyn-born Finkel started kicking around the music business a decade ago, when he was a night student in marketing at New York University; he spent several years managing small rock groups. In 1970 one of his groups appeared in a concert at Ohio State University promoted by Koplik, then an undergraduate majoring in sociology. The pair hit it off, and after Koplik graduated they teamed up to promote concerts in Hartford and New Haven, Conn. Watkins Glen was their first big venture.

"The secret of our success was time," says Finkel. "We began planning six months ahead and devoted our full time to it for two months, trying to cover all the bases." In contrast to the 1969 Woodstock festival, Summer Jam had a whopping stage (100 ft. by 60 ft. by 12 ft.) completed three weeks before the show. The electrical wires were all put underground, the 1,000 portable toilets were in place a week early, and the 100,000 gal. of bottled water arrived days in advance of the crowds. Koplik and Finkel also laid on five helicopters for constant use by medical personnel, the press and the musicians.

"We figured that the first arrivals would be people interested in spending some time in the country, camping and so on," Finkel explains. "So we had 1,200 acres of land reserved. Then we figured that those people coming up after work on Friday were coming for the music." For the latter, the producers lined up a day-long, total-immersion bill of three top groups: The Band, the Grateful Dead and the Allman Brothers Band. Then they arranged for a sophisticated system of twelve sound towers to relay the music at one-tenth-of-a-second delays back through the audience.

Despite careful advance planning, and despite a minimal advertising outlay of \$31,000—mostly for posters and spots on rock radio stations—Finkel and Koplik found themselves on the big weekend with a crowd three times larger than anticipated, and far more orderly than at many recent rock festivals. Why? TIME's Larry Kramer, who spent four days among the campers and concertgoers, suggests this answer:

"With college students home for the summer, and with Watergate a daily reminder of so much wrong in the older generation, the Summer Jam tapped a widespread desire to return to the uninhibited atmosphere of the campus, to create a vast, congenial party atmosphere with none of the negative overtones of rock's erratic past. Most of the kids just wanted to lie back in the grass, smoke dope, drink wine and be free of worry about being busted—or about being harassed by any adult authority. Then, too, many of them were younger brothers and sisters of the Woodstock generation, eager to live up to the stories they have heard for years about that great communal event."

Finkel and Koplik are hoping to stage another big outdoor concert next summer. With Watkins Glen probably ruled out, they need a new site, but they may not have to look very hard. Already they are considering offers from Canada, California and Virginia.

LPs: Pick of the Pack

Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 93 and 94 (New York Philharmonic, Leonard Bernstein conductor; Columbia, \$5.98) The familiar *Surprise*, preceded by its stately, less frequently played older sister (by a month; both are from 1792, part of the series of twelve so-called "Salomon" symphonies written by Haydn during his sojourns in London at the behest of impresario Johann Peter Salomon). Bernstein is at his best in this music, bringing to it the same strength, drama, wit and control he invariably applies to the last symphonies of Mozart.

Chausson: Poem of Love and the Sea; Canteloube: Songs of the Auvergne (Soprano Victoria de los Angeles; Lamoureux Concerts Orchestra, Jean-Pierre Jacquillat conductor; Angel, \$5.98). A vocal record to cherish, with De los Angeles, now 49, as ear-ravishing as ever. By the standard of the classic Madeleine Grey *Auvergne* recording (1930), this version is a shade operatic, but in its own opulent way nonetheless irresistible. The Chausson, delicately contrasting the ephemera of love with the eternity of the sea, is a pre-Impressionistic gem, hauntingly burnished by De los Angeles, rapturously accompanied by Conductor Jacquillat.

Purcell: Ceremonial Music (Choir of St. John's College, Cambridge; the Eng-

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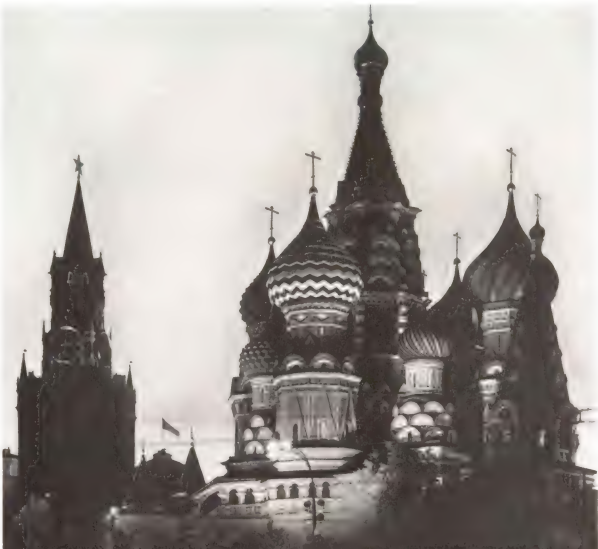
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lish Chamber Orchestra, George Guest conductor; Argo, \$5.95). Ranging from the *Te Deum* and *Jubilate*, written for St. Cecilia's Day in 1694, to the funeral music for the burial of Queen Mary a year later, this is some of Purcell's—and England's—most eloquent music. The performances, authentically scored to include a consort of sackbuts (precursors of the trombone), display taste as well as a flair for the composer's bold, often harsh harmonic writing.

Brahms: Complete String Quartets, Op. 51, Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 67 (The Cleveland Quartet; RCA, 2 LPs, \$6.98). Brahms at his melodic, instrumental and unpretentious best in a notable debut recording by a four-year-old group that was formed at Marlboro, Vt., and now is quartet-in-residence at the State University of New York at Buffalo. The Clevelanders (all in their early 30s) play with a rich, ruddy tone and a youthful surge that makes Brahms' difficult string writing (all those double stops, for example) seem as natural as a song.

Palestrina: The Song of Songs (Prague Madrigal Choir; Miroslav Venhoda conductor; Vanguard/Bach Guild, \$2.98). The great Renaissance polyphonist, best known for soaring church works like the *Pope Marcellus Mass*, here took his text, somewhat uncharacteristically, from Solomon's highly sensuous biblical verses: "A bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts." The result: one of Palestrina's two or three loveliest works, sung movingly by the Czech performers.

Schubert: Piano Sonata in A, Op. Posth. (Alfred Brendel; Philips, \$6.98). A steadfastly rich, varied piece of music, less rambling than the dour *C minor* and the ethereal—and best-known—*B-flat*, all of which Schubert wrote in the last months of his life. Surprisingly from the suave, precise Brendel, the performance could now and then use a more expressive turn of phrase; but it is still the performance to have, at least until somebody gets around to reissuing the nonpareil Schnabel version.

Seeger: String Quartet; Perle: String Quartet No. 5; Babbitt: String Quartet No. 2 (The Composers Quartet; Nonesuch, \$2.98). Ruth Crawford Seeger, the stepmother of Folk Singer Pete Seeger, was an innovative composer who moved on an equal footing with such American avant-gardists of the 1920s and early 1930s as Henry Cowell and Carl Ruggles, and her husband Charles Seeger, a composer and folk-oriented musicologist. Her *Quartet* has a touchingly original flavor that belies its formidable structural technique—notably a quasi-serialistic organization of rhythm that prophesied things to come in post-World War II composing. This incisively performed disk also includes diverse, provocative essays in twelve-tone music by two of the U.S.'s leading academics, Milton Babbitt of Princeton and George Perle of New York's Queens College.

■ William Bender

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The "Little American"

"I'm a conservative Republican who hasn't approved of any conservative Republican in years because most conservative Republicans aren't conservative enough for me." So says John J. Wilson, 72, who knows his own mind and does not hesitate to speak it. The habit can get him into trouble, as it did last week when he intemperately referred to Hawaii Senator Daniel Inouye as "that little Jap." When incredulous reporters double-checked the remark, Wilson refused to retract it. "That's just the way I speak," he said. Then, as though Inouye's citizenship were somehow different from his own, he added: "I wouldn't mind being called a little American." Wilson's remarks were not all that surprising: in the past he has openly opposed both blacks and wom-

as counsel for both men—or, as he once let slip, for "John Haldeman."

The situation is not unprecedented, but Wilson "is in a dangerous area, and he appreciates that," says Fred Grabowsky, counsel to the D.C. bar's disciplinary board. No lawyer, Grabowsky adds, can give both clients full measure if it becomes necessary "to be an accuser against one to defend the other."

Mindful of the fact that Wilson has had at least two private meetings with President Nixon, some wonder if the attorney might not have, perhaps unofficially, a secret third client. One legal observer argues that "the only way Nixon can be sure his former aides will not implicate him is to have one lawyer coordinating their testimony, not two lawyers each battling for the interests of his client." Attorney Joseph L. Rauh, a former national chairman of Americans

for the Peace, in 1942 GAF was confiscated by the U.S. Government because Interhandel was believed to be a front for the German cartel I.G. Farben. It was while the "little American" worked on this affair (in which he finally won a \$150 million settlement) that Second Lieut. Inouye lost his right arm in Army combat in Europe. Among Wilson's other famous cases: a 1970 victory in the Supreme Court upholding Barry Goldwater's libel judgment of \$75,000 against *Eros* and *Faet* Publisher Ralph Ginzburg; and the initial defeat of President Truman's 1952 seizure of steel companies. In the steel case, curiously, Wilson argued for a limited constitutional interpretation of presidential power, a position he now attacks on behalf of Haldeman and Ehrlichman.

Annoying Fault. Childless and hobbyless, Wilson has loved the law only slightly longer than his wife; their golden anniversary comes in September. His age has hardly slowed him down. Since a heart attack two years ago, he has had a chauffeured Cadillac (license JJW 2), and because of a 1967 cataract operation he initially wore dark glasses under the hearing's TV lights. "He looked like the Godfather," joked one of his partners; though his eyes hurt without the glasses, he junked them "because I don't want to appear like I'm hiding behind anything."

Hide he did not. No other private lawyer has been so combative in the hearings. "He speaks up," said an admiring Washington attorney. "He's had Ervin off on a lot of tangents and byways." A lawyer who is "thorough to an annoying fault," according to one of his partners, Wilson confidently barged into the fray—to sidetrack a questioner, to give his client a chance to gather his resources, and usually in the real hope of making a point or barring the question. Sample exchange after Ervin asked himself a rhetorical question:

Wilson: May I answer that?

Ervin: No, you're not a witness.

Wilson: I can make a pertinent comment. May I make it?

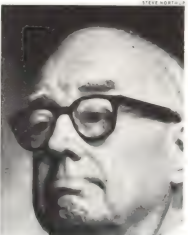
Ervin: Well, you're not entitled to, but if you can make it, then go ahead.

For the most part Wilson showed the professional's ability to press fervently without being caught up in personal emotions. But Inouye apparently enraged him by muttering "What a liar" into a not-yet-dead microphone after some testimony by Ehrlichman. Inouye annoyed the crusty old lawyer still further by asking about Haldeman's involvement in California campaign irregularities in 1962. Then came Wilson's "Jap" remark, which may well have undone whatever his assertive advocacy had achieved. Two days later, he sent a letter of apology to Inouye, but in the court of public opinion, that was too late.



INOUE WATCHES WITNESS

Was there a secret third client in the White House?



WILSON WATCHES QUESTIONERS

en joining the D.C. Bar Association. But his newest outburst prompted a deluge of protests, including a complaint to the D.C. bar disciplinary board.

The Inouye incident, however unseemly, threatened to overshadow a far more serious controversy that one Washington lawyer summed up in the question: "How the hell can Wilson represent two guys whose interests aren't the same?" Whether because of his conservative reputation, or his reputation as one of Washington's top trial lawyers, or both, Wilson got a telephone call one day last April from John Ehrlichman, whom he had never met before. That same day Wilson was also retained by H.R. Haldeman. Thus he appeared before the Ervin committee

for Democratic Action, more bluntly charges Wilson with being "the go-between to keep their stories straight." Says Wilson himself: "I'm not coordinating anything." As for the ethical implications of having two clients, Wilson asserted that the two men's stories were almost exactly the same and that there was thus no potential conflict. "I say that," he added, "without qualification on the basis of more years of practice of law than anyone on that committee, including the chairman."

In fact, during his labors before the Ervin committee, he had a dual celebration: the 50th anniversary of his admission to the bar and his 72nd birthday. A law graduate of George Washington University, Wilson spent his 30s as a U.S. prosecutor and won such a reputation as a litigator that in 1941, soon after returning to private practice, he was retained by the Swiss firm Interhandel to look after its interest in its U.S. subsidiary, General An-

*The degree of insult apparently depends on the speaker, year and tone of voice. Inouye himself tells of the time he decided to introduce himself to House Speaker Sam Rayburn. Said Rayburn: "I know who you are. How many one-armed Japs do you think we have in the House?"

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The Dynasties Preserved

One of the scare stories about China that circulated in the '60s, especially during the brief ride of the Red Guards, was that Maoism had flung out the past: 3,000 years of willow-pattern tranquility overthrown, Confucius and Mencius consigned to the paper shredder, and the arts of the ancestral dynasties—Chou and Han, Tang and Sung, Ming and Ch'ing—abandoned as relics of decadent feudalism, replaced by the cast-concrete colossus of Mao or the agitprop poster of beaming, euphet tractor drivers exceeding their norm in Szechwan province.

This, like so many of our ideas about China, was a myth. In fact, the Chinese seem to have taken Mao's apothegm, "Let the past serve the present," with a literalness that Western archaeologists—hampered as they are by the depredations of the antiquity market—might envy. Since about 1950, China's policy for exhuming and classifying its own past has been very coherent and systematic. Indeed, no Western country has produced a state-funded archaeology program to equal China's. For the Chinese, archaeology has a political significance that it lacks in the West.

Recent Finds. From this official attitude has come what must arguably be the most beautiful exhibition Europe has yet seen in the '70s: "Treasures of Chinese Art," a loan show of some 400 recent finds from the People's Republic, on view at the Petit Palais in Paris through the summer. Later it will travel to London and early next year to Toronto. It is the fruit of almost ten years' negotiation between the Chinese and French governments, begun by ex-Culture Minister André Malraux and finished in detail by a group of orientalists headed by Vadime Elisséeff, chief curator of the Musée Cernuschi in Paris. Encyclopedic in scope—the objects on display range from rudimentary quartz and flint scrapers used by Peking Man in 500,000 B.C. to the exquisite porcelains and silver toilet articles of the Yuan dynasty, which ended in A.D. 1368—it is intelligently mounted, with unobtrusive panels of photos, documents and information: an ideal teaching show, in fact. But unlike most didactic exhibitions, it is crammed with masterpieces of breathtaking authority.

The centerpiece is Princess Tu Wan's funeral shroud. Found in 1968 in a Han dynasty tomb in Man-Ch'eng, less than 100 miles from Peking, it has already become an object of legend—the Chinese counterpart (at least in Western eyes) to Tutankhamon's gold mask. This is partly due to its extraordinary substance and workmanship: a complete body-armor of 2,156 slips of green and mutton-fat jade, each no big-

ger than a matchbook cover, intricately sewn and bound together with gold wire. Its archaeological interest is unique: ancient Chinese texts mentioned jade burial armor as the special privilege of imperial blood, but Tu Wan's shroud—together with its twin, made for her husband, the Prince Liu Cheng—is the first such suit yet unearthed. But that aside, the shroud has an almost hallucinatory air: a green and glittering robot of semiprecious stone, assembled round a dummy. The blunt toes and plated wedge of a nose point at the roof; the eyeless head rests as though in a machine's sleep on its gilt bronze pillow.

Hardly less spectacular than the shroud is a group of bronze horses—some drawing war chariots and supply wagons and one soaring through the air, rear hoof poised on the back of a swallow—that were found in 1969 in a tomb of a general. Prancing, caracoling or stiffly reined in, they constitute a lexicon of equine movement that Western art could hardly rival for another 1400 years. Behind the smooth, abstracted flow of the shapes—the bulge of crupper and belly echoed by the wheel's arc, the jaunty bronze tail answering to the S-bend of chariot shafts—lies a fascinating array of information about the way a squadron of Han cavalry looked and was equipped, from the

shape of its war axes to the concave deflector hood behind which the chariot driver sat. The art of ancient China was always specific; when some unknown ceramicist of the Tang dynasty (circa A.D. 700) made the Mongolian horseman fighting off a predator that was found, along with 877 other such statuettes, in the tomb of the Princess Yung-Tai in 1962, he produced an image that still reverberates: the hairy brute from beyond the fragile edge of civilization, all rags, stink and sinew, licking his weight in wildcats.

Even for the nonscholar, it is a provocative show. Why, one wonders, does Shang bronze decoration—as in a superb *ting*, or rectangular bronze cooking pot with legs, made in the eleventh century B.C. and bearing four ritual masks—so resemble certain pre-Columbian and Northwest Pacific Indian styles? The impressive faces on this vessel, broad, empty-eyed and surrounded by heavy, cranklike forms, could almost have come from a Mayan stele. In front of a carving like the wooden unicorn (see cut)—if that is what the creature found in 1959 in a late Han tomb at Wu-Wei really was—one feels afresh the sense of recurrent surprise at the formal parallels that now and then crop up between ancient Eastern and some modern Western art. Harshly cut, as though with an adz, in a vigorous run of interlocking planes, charging forward with its thick stalk lowered aggres-



TERRA COTTA HOUSE MODEL, HAN DYNASTY



PAINTED WOOD UNICORN



Bronze horse and chariot, circa 2nd century A.D.

China's Traveling Treasures



Jade and gold funeral shroud, 2nd century B.C.



Detail from bronze vessel, 11th century B.C.



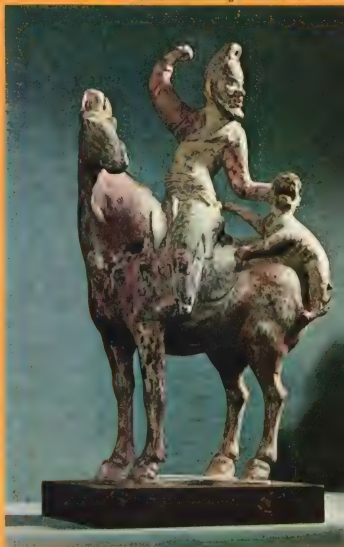
Wine vase, 11th century A.D.



Bronze and gold cup, 3rd century B.C.



Early Han wine bowl, 26 B.C.



ART

sively to the horizontal, it might have stepped from an exhibition of sculpture by Lynn Chadwick or Eduardo Paolozzi in the 1950s.

But this rough beast is atypical; everywhere else in the show, line rather than slabby or hacked mass predominates, and the line is of an almost ethereal purity. It never jerks or breaks, but flows gently and continuously forward in its planned contours. This, combined with the grave and precise use of traditional materials, gives ancient Chinese art—almost irrespective of period—its look of inevitability, as if something quite other than caprice or emotion were guiding the maker's hand.

No profile could be stronger or better suited to its heavy substance than the swollen, gold-inlaid oval of the lidded bronze cup from the period of the Warring States; none more ponderous and full than the large gilt Han wine bowl with its sprightly gazelle and mountainous camel; none lighter than the cloudy white Sung wine vase nestling inside its lotus bowl. The persistent note of this triumphant exhibition is pleasure in fitness: the familiar dips and inflections of style across the centuries are shown in objects that, for all their variety of shape, purpose and meaning, are linked by their unswerving appropriateness as form. ■ Robert Hughes

Long After the Flood

An hour before the wet dawn of Nov. 4, 1966, the swollen Arno River sent cataracts of water sluicing through the narrow streets of Florence and deposited half a million tons of mud, silt, rotting butchers' meat, excrement and sticky black fuel oil on the city's stone and stucco. At that moment, the future of the city and its artistic heritage seemed uncertain. The water was everywhere—soaking into the fragile wood of old carvings and panel paintings, expanding its cells and cracking it, seeping up inside walls and working outward through the surface of their frescoes, causing bloom, mold growth and discoloration, flaking the surface of porous stone like puff pastry.

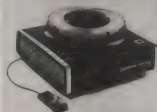
Florence was confronted with the worst problems in the history of art conservation. But technology, as World War II showed, is stimulated by disaster. Today the art Restoration Laboratories in Florence's 16th century Fortezza da Basso have become the world's proving ground for conservation methods—thanks, in large part, to the collaboration of university laboratories and major chemical firms like Italy's Montedison. The techniques used by the more than 60 restorers and artisans in the Fortezza make most earlier methods look antediluvian. Says Umberto Baldini, 50, the dynamic head of the laboratories: "Once, restorers were like doctors who were trying to operate on a body without having done anatomical research. But the emergency of the flood made it obvious that art and science had



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WORK IN PROGRESS AT FLORENCE'S ART RESTORATION CENTER

Mold, fungi, creeping dampness, rusty nails and drugs for the wall.

to be brought closer together in a long-range program of research."

Baldini's allusion to medicine is more than casual. Even when the floodwaters had receded, hundreds of frescoed walls in Florence remained so damp that the paintings were threatened by a bacterial onslaught of molds and fungi. "If we had not found a solution," says Baldini, "those frescoes would have been devoured by microorganisms." He and his colleagues ran through dozens of mold-killing antibiotics to test their effect on paint. Finally one was left: Squibb's Nystatin, a stomach medicine, which did not harm the pigments. But it came in the form of pills, which could not be fed to a wall. At last the University of Florence's chemistry department found a way to render powdered Nystatin soluble, and it was sprayed on the frescoes.

One spectacular result of this collaboration between art and science will be seen for the first time in seven years this summer. Like many other frescoes, Fra Angelico's *Crucifixion*, in the chapter house of the cloisters of San Marco (see color page), was suffering from a chronic problem that predated the flood: a pockmarked rash, resulting

from crystallization within the plaster. Tiny bumps rose and flaked the paint away, speck by speck. Veteran Restorer Dino Dini, 61, called in a chemist from the University of Florence named Enzo Ferroni, who discovered that the crystal growth was caused by lime, or calcium carbonate, turning into calcium sulphate. It took a year to find an ammonia solution that would turn the crystals back into calcium carbonate again. Impregnating a postcard-size sheet of Japanese rice paper with the solution and backing the paper with wood pulp, Dini and an assistant pressed each little rice-paper block for five minutes on the surface of the fresco, then repeated the procedure with a second solution. It took two years to thus cover each square inch of the vast painting.

The thousands of tiny craters were filled in with water-soluble paint—purposely duller in tone than the original hues, so that the restoration would be distinguishable to the trained eye. Exulted Dini last month, after nearly six years' work in San Marco: "Look how Fra Angelico's colors have come forth again. They are so much purer, so much more brilliant!"

Some works are beyond restoration

and can only be stabilized. The most famous of these is Cimabue's 13th century *Crucifix*, which had been moved back to its original home in Santa Croce from the Uffizi shortly before the flood. The water took off more than 75% of its paint surface and, the restorers found, would have stripped more had Cimabue not had the nails countersunk and covered with tiny wooden plugs. Exposed, they would have corroded, ruining more paint. Until 1969, the surviving pigment was too soft to touch; then it was painstakingly removed and cleaned. Soon it will be glued back on Cimabue's original panel.

Baldini's staff has made startling discoveries as successive layers of earlier restoration and overpainting come off. Donatello's wooden carving of Mary Magdalen, which stood in the Baptistery in Florence, was described for years as an almost expressionist work. It had the blind eyeballs of old age and severe monochrome brown skin. These features turn out to be the work of later hands. On cleaning, the Magdalen's lively painted eyes, light skin and polychrome garments were restored. Thus its whole content has changed.

Three Eyes. A curiosity of this process, kept on view in the laboratories as a sort of talisman, is an 18th century Madonna which, on patch cleaning, turned out to have a 17th century version under it. When that in turn was tested, the restorers found a 13th century Madonna by the so-called "Master of the Magdalens" beneath. The final palimpsest, a Virgin with three eyes, two noses and a pair of *hambini* (see opposite, lower right), was playfully christened "Picasso's Madonna."

The work of Florence's art hospital represents a change in the philosophy of art restoration. "Up to the 1940s," Baldini points out, "restoration consisted primarily of repainting." After the ravages of World War II, the emphasis shifted to removing damaged art works from their environment and repainting them in spots. Now Baldini and a growing number of restorers are wary of removing a fresco from a deteriorating wall. Whenever possible, they instead treat the wall or panel and then do an absolute minimum of repainting. The restoration of Fra Angelico's *Crucifixion* in San Marco neither altered the work significantly nor added anything to it. Instead, it was a singular act of clarification. Meanwhile, the restorations go on: in the workshop of the Fortezza da Basso, there are still more than 100 panel paintings awaiting treatment. Placed immediately after the flood in a long lemon-storage shed in the Boboli Gardens, where the air was kept at 90% relative humidity, they have been slowly exposed to drier air in order to keep them from warping. In the Fortezza the humidity is now 60%, and the panels are still not fully dry. Says Restorer Vittorio Granchi: "We will still be treating art works damaged by the flood for another ten or even 15 years."

Florentine Restorations: A Partial Tally

The flood damaged only one major work of art beyond repair: Cimabue's *Crucifix* (Church of Santa Croce).

Major works damaged but now successfully restored include:

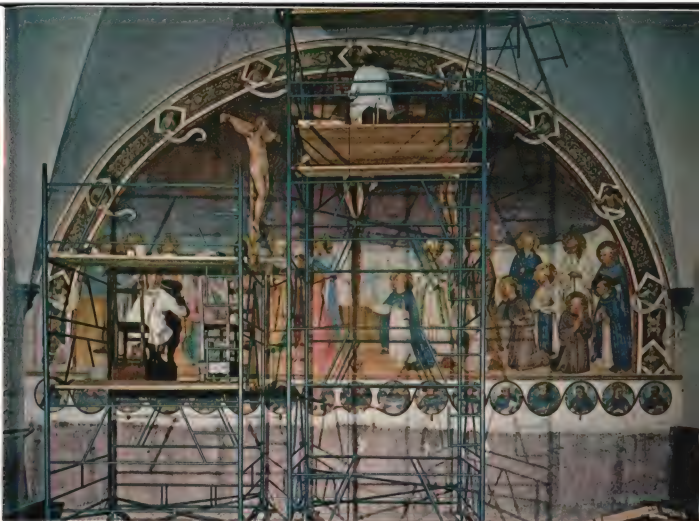
Two *Crucifixions* by Fra Angelico, one in the Church of San Niccolò del Ceppo and the other in the Museum of San Marco;

Domenico Ghirlandaio: *Adoration of the Shepherds* (Church of Santa Trinità);

Taddeo Gaddi: fresco, the *Lust Supper* (Museum of Santa Croce);

Alessandro Allori: *Christ Lowered from the Cross* (Museum of Santa Croce).

Among works still awaiting restoration are the *Sacrifice of Isaac* by Allori (Church of San Niccolò Oltrarno), Bronzino's *Christ Descending into Limbo* (Museum of Santa Croce), and Ghiberti's and Pisano's bronze doors from the Florence Baptistery—which restorers may have to coat with a transparent synthetic resin, now under research in Italy, to protect them from worse damage by air pollution.



Fra Angelico Crucifixion at San Marco.



Fragment of Cimabue Crucifix.



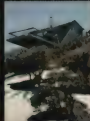
Madonna, circa 1200, was twice overpainted.



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MILESTONES

Died. Julio ("Big Julio") Adalberto Rivera, 52, President of El Salvador from 1962 to 1967 and recently Ambassador to the United States; of a heart attack; in El Salvador. As an army colonel, Rivera engineered a bloodless barracks coup in 1961 and became President the following year. He broke the grip of the coffee-plantation owners on the country's economy and instituted reforms that resulted in a higher standard of living for El Salvador's peasants.

Died. Jean-Pierre Melville, 55, film director and patron saint of the *nouvelle vague* of French cinema; of a heart attack; in Paris. Melville changed his name from Grumbach in honor of the American novelist Herman Melville, sported a cowboy hat, and was celebrated for his Gallic exercises in gangster melodramas. His best-known film, *Les Enfants Terribles* (1948), was made in collaboration with Jean Cocteau, author of the novel.

Died. Eddie Condon, 67, jazz guitarist, bandleader and elder statesman of the Dixieland style, who was often called the father of the improvisational "Chicago school" of jazz; after a long bout with cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Henri Charrière, 67, alias "Papillon" (Butterfly), whose 1969 book of the same name chronicled his nine hair-raising escape attempts from France's antiquated dungeons in French Guiana; of throat cancer; in Madrid. Charrière, sentenced to life imprisonment in 1931 for murder, finally broke out of Devil's Island in 1941 and found asylum in Caracas, where he became a gold prospector, shrimp fisherman, bar owner and eventually a best-selling author, with 14 million book sales worldwide.

Died. Walter Ulbricht, 80, the East German Communist leader and builder of the Berlin Wall (see THE WORK).

Died. Mary Ellen Chase, 86, best-selling novelist (*Windswept*, *Mary Peters*, *Silas Crockett*) who wrote largely about the Maine seacoast where she lived as a child; in Northampton, Mass. A professor of English at Smith College for 29 years, she also taught and wrote about the Bible.

Died. Gian Francesco Malipiero, 91, Italian composer of 40 operas (*Julius Caesar*, *Metamorphoses of Bonaventura*) and eight major symphonies; of a heart attack; in Treviso, Italy. A descendant of Venetian dogs, Malipiero was influenced by early Italian composers like Monteverdi but was also an innovator, writing atonal music at a time when Puccini was turning out his sweetly melodic opera scores.

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GIRLS

An equal opportunity
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THIS COUNTRY HAS THE BIGGEST DRINKING PROBLEM IN THE WORLD.



A sobering thought from the car that gives you 25 miles to the gallon.*

FOOD

Yes, We Have No Beefsteaks

Question: What would draw a crowd of 4,500 people—almost all housewives—to the opening of a Thom McAn men's shoe store in Davenport, Iowa?

Answer: Steak.

All 4,500 turned out on the promise that just one of them would win a supply of four beef filets weekly for a year. Similar scenes occurred at Thom McAn openings in Dallas, Roanoke, Va., and South Bend, Ind. In St. Louis, three banks were attracting lines of new depositors by promising each of them a poke of rib eye. Juicy bovine slabs were joining Waring Blenders and Miami Beach vacations on America's list of treasured giveaways.

The beef industry—farmers, ranchers, packers and especially cattle feedlot operators—could not have hoped for better testimony to the point that it was trying to make. The Nixon Administration's price freeze on beef, which is not scheduled to end until Sept. 12, was shutting off the supply to the public. The price of live animals was not frozen, and packers could not afford to buy at uncontrolled prices and sell at controlled prices. The number of cattle slaughtered at packing plants dropped 10% two weeks ago and plunged an estimated 23% last week. At least 40 plants shut down throughout the Middle West. There were reports of cattle rustling in Utah and a hijacked meat truck in Stamford, Conn. Canadian operators were buying cattle in the U.S., dressing it in Canada and selling it back to the U.S. at prices above freeze levels because there is no freeze on imports.

Black Markets. For the U.S. consumer, who has an almost emotional attachment to beef, the meat situation was similar to that of World War II—but without the patriotic fervor. Black markets developed as some packers sold sides of beef for whatever price they could get; the usual subterfuge was to sell lower-grade cuts at high-grade prices. Supermarkets adopted a form of rationing, occasionally limiting shoppers to a roast or two each. All across the country, shoppers discovered empty or nearly empty meat trays; in Cleveland, a fight broke out between two women over the last roast in the store. Sales of home freezers heated up to records as many shoppers hoarded, risking disaster if the electricity went out.

In Washington the purveyor to the White House staff, Bernard Goldstein, protested the price freeze by refusing to supply President Nixon with his usual choice cuts, and directors of the Cattle-men's Hall of Fame in New Braun-



SLIM PICKINGS AT MANHATTAN MARKET
Let them eat pasta.

fels, Texas, promptly elected Goldstein Man of the Month. Jails, hospitals and college cafeterias will have to cut down on servings of meat and stretch their meals with macaroni and plentiful, reasonably priced seasonal produce, including potatoes, snap beans, corn, squash, cucumbers, bananas, peaches, cantaloupes and nectarines. At least two U.S. institutions, however, vowed to pay any price or bear any burden in order to get great portions of red meat for their highly prized charges. One was the Cleveland Browns football team; the other was Chicago's Brookfield Zoo.

Appealing for the Government to end the freeze before Sept. 12, a delegation of big cattlemen and packers called on Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz, the farmers' friend. He told them: "If I had my druthers, I'd very seriously consider ending it sometime before Sept. 12." The Senate voted 84-5 to put an immediate stop to the freeze. The measure was then sent to the House, which adjourned until after Labor Day without acting on the bill, thereby killing any chance that the freeze could be legislated out of existence. Thus only President Nixon could call an early end to it.

No Scarcity. With much evidence, the White House holds that though the beef shortage is real enough in the stores and packing houses, it is merely a form of impromptu theatrics staged by the cattlemen to get the freeze lifted. Though meat is in tight supply in many parts of the world, there is no genuine scarcity of beef on the hoof in this nation. The U.S. now has 2% more cattle on feed and 6% more breeding cows than at this time last year. Ranchers and feedlot operators can collect alltime high prices for their animals but are holding them off the market, betting that they will be worth as much as 20% more when the freeze is off. The average price per hundredweight of cattle jumped from \$29 in 1971 to \$33.50 last year; now it is well above \$45, with bidding often as high as \$56 (at that rate, ordinary ground beef would retail for \$1.50 or more a lb.). In the past four weeks, the price of cattle destined for feed lots has shown the sharpest rise ever recorded.

The increase in livestock prices is a major reason why the net income of America's farmers leaped from \$16.9 billion in 1969 to \$20.3 billion last year and will reach an expected \$23 billion this year. Indeed, there has been a historic shift in the nation's income. As consumers have paid more and more for food, they have shifted increasing sums of money out of their pockets and into the pockets of farmers and ranchers. In 1958, the average American ate 80.5 lbs. of beef. Last year he ate 115.9 lbs. Helped by this enormous demand, farmers are doing relatively bet-

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

ter than other Americans. In 1960, Americans who lived on farms earned only \$1,100 per capita, or 55% as much as non-farm people. By last year, the farm residents took in \$3,179 per capita, or 83% as much as non-farmers. Though the farmer still earns less than other people, the average value of his major investment—land—is soaring.

Burned Sellers? Confronted by the politically potent cattlemen—and by the cries of beef-hungry consumers—the Administration may yet be forced to cave in and call off the freeze prematurely. The pressures on the White House will grow because the shortage is likely to become much worse in the next two weeks. The nation's price controllers doubtless made a bad mistake last month in continuing the beef freeze and simultaneously announcing the date on which it would end, thus tempting cattlemen to hold their animals off the market until then. But lifting the ceiling before Sept. 12 would further damage the Administration's credibility, and encourage producers, retailers and labor unions in other sectors of the economy to press harder to escape all price and wage controls.

The original logic behind the price freeze was that it would delay and spread out price increases. Economically, that would ease the pain for the consumer; politically, that would soften the blow to President Nixon. During the rest of this year, food prices are likely to rise 3% or 4%—an annual rate of 6% or 8%. In fact, so much beef is being held back now that the cattlemen may get burned. If the Administration hangs tough and the sellers' strike continues, great herds of cattle will hit the markets after Sept. 12—and beef prices could go down.

Indicator of the Week

Despite widespread predictions of a further slowdown in the economy, companies that advertise on television are betting that consumers will still have a lot of money to spend in the months ahead.

All three networks report that their prime advertising time for the fall season is more than 90% sold and, according to the weekly *Broadcasting*, ad time is extensively sold into next year as well.

Prices have been especially high for the fall, and the discounts that network salesmen traditionally proffer to sweeten the deals have been small. One minute of commercial time on CBS's *All in the Family* had a record list price of \$128,000; a minute on NBC's *Sanford & Son* commanded as high as \$90,000; and a minute on ABC's *Marcus Welby, M.D.* cost \$76,000. Total prime-time advertising sales so far in 1973 are running 15% ahead of last year. Says Mike Weinblatt, NBC-TV vice president of sales, the record bookings are a "vote of confidence" in the economy.



DEPOSITORS LINED UP TO STASH THEIR CASH AT SEAMEN'S BANK IN NEW YORK CITY

MONEY

The Big New Bonanza for Savers

*Neither a borrower nor a lender be
—the real bread is going to the savers.*

Thus might a hip Polonius summarize the frenzied rise in U.S. interest rates. Last week the biggest U.S. corporations had to pay a record—and painful—8½% to borrow from banks.* Some banks will raise that "prime" rate further to 9% this week; it could go higher still, perhaps to 9½% in the fall. The banks in turn had to pay as much as 10.3% to get money to lend; that was the highest rate offered last week to depositors who would buy \$100,000 certificates of deposit (CDs). While borrowers and lenders alike groaned, savers rejoiced in the highest yields ever offered on even modest accumulations of money.

Early last month, Government agencies raised by a half-point the ceilings on interest for most types of small savings. On ordinary passbook accounts, banks are now permitted to pay 5%, and savings and loan associations 5½%. From there, the bank ceilings rise to 5½% on deposits made from 90 days to one year; 6% on one- to 2½-year money; and 6½% on 2½- to four-year deposits. On CDs running for four years or longer, banks can now pay anything they please; the Federal Reserve Board requires only a minimum deposit of \$1,000 and a penalty on the saver who withdraws his money before maturity.

In frantic competition for small deposits, banks and S and Ls are intro-

ducing higher-yielding varieties of \$1,000, four-year CDs almost daily and touting them in blaring bold-headlined newspaper ads and breathless radio commercials. Last week these CDs generally paid 7½% annual interest, but many banks raised the effective return to 7.79% by compounding interest daily. Manhattan's Union Dime Savings Bank advertised \$1,000 CDs at 8½%; daily compounding raises the effective rate to a towering 8.72%.

Some banks are luring deposits by offering CDs with variable rates that could go higher still. First National City in New York, for example, came out with a plan under which \$1,000 deposited for four years will earn interest each quarter at a rate of a half-point below what the bank had to pay the previous quarter to attract \$100,000 CDs. The rate this quarter is 8.11%; it can go either up or down from there, but never below the 5% passbook rate. Philadelphia's First Pennsylvania Banking and Trust Co. offers an "inflation-proof" \$1,000 CD that will pay 7½% to 10% interest, with the exact amount to be determined by how fast the consumer price index rises.

Being Stingy. The Federal Reserve touched off this wild scramble as part of its complex plan to calm the economy's inflationary exuberance. For some time, the Fed has been trying to dampen borrowing by being stingy in doling out reserves to banks, and early in the summer, Board Chairman Arthur Burns abandoned his attempts to hold rates down by jawboning. The board then became worried that depositors

*It is typical of banks to also require borrowers to leave a portion of the loan on deposit, making the real cost of money about 10½%.

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES
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A beautiful sunset, a smile, an embrace.
Some of the best things in life are free.
Some are not.
But that's life.

Say "Johnnie Walker Red." You won't get it by just saying Scotch.

100% Scotch Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

Can Allstate and State Farm beat this offer?

When you buy car insurance, you should never buy on the basis of any one thing alone.

Not even price.

Buying car insurance is like buying a new car. It pays to shop around and see who gives you the most for your money.

If you do, you'll find that Allstate and State Farm (in fact, any insurance company you choose) will have some of the things you see here.

But only Continental Insurance has them all.

Continental's Money-saving Discounts. Once everyone thought Allstate and State Farm "had to have the lowest prices." Because they "discounted." But so does Continental.

Description	Discount (From base premium)
Multi-car Ownership	15%
Driver Education	15%
Good Student	25%
Bumper (Meets Federal Safety Standards)	10%**

Of course, it's also important to consider the basic rate or premium upon which the discount is being given. Today insurance companies don't all charge the same rates. In fact, no one company can say it has the lowest rates over-all. Because each bases its rates on its actual experience with specific classes of drivers and specific geographical areas. The result: You may find that in your area Continental's price for you is lower than either Allstate's or State Farm's. Or both.



The Independent Agent. He doesn't work for an insurance company. He works for you. And his success is based on placing your insurance with whatever company will keep you the happiest. If we don't do the job, he's free to switch your insurance to a company that will.



Choice of Plans. Continental gives you a choice: A policy that covers your car alone. Or a unique new policy that covers both your car and home. It's called Personal Comprehensive Protection: PCP*. By combining both your



automobile and homeowners policies into one, it can actually give you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.



24-hour Toll-free Dial-a-Claim. Any time, any day, you can report an accident from anywhere in the United States or Canada. And whenever you call, the call is on us.



Fast Fair Claim Payments. We pay the full amount due on every legitimate claim we get. Without haggling. Your good-

will is more profitable to us in the long run than any pennies we might shave off in the short run.



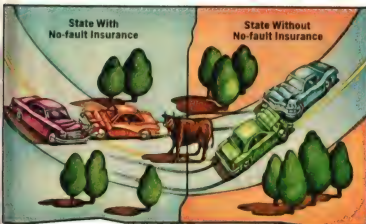
1600 Claims Adjusters. We have more than 1600 trained claims men located throughout the United States and Canada. If you need help, there's always one nearby. Even on a holiday—if you have an emergency.



Free Waiver of Collision Deductible*. If you have an accident, we'll waive your collision deductible under three conditions: The other driver is identified and at fault; he has auto property damage coverage; and the damage to your car exceeds your deductible. That means if you have a \$200 accident and a \$100 deductible, Continental pays you the full \$200.



Automatic Increase of Liability Coverage to Meet Each State's Minimum Requirements. By law, you have to carry enough insurance to meet your state's minimum financial responsibility requirements for bodily injury and property damage. But let's say you have an accident while driving a private passenger car in a state or a Canadian province that has higher requirements (such as those above). If you're insured with Continental, we'll automatically provide increased coverage to meet the higher requirements. At no additional charge.



Automatic No-fault Coverage When Driving in a No-fault State. Let's say you live in a state that doesn't have no-fault insurance. But you have an accident in one that does. And that state has enacted legislation requiring non-residents to carry no-fault insurance when driving through. (So far, two states with no-fault insurance have done this. And more may follow.) Wherever you go, Continental will meet the letter of the law. And automatically provide you with the required no-fault protection. At no additional charge.

For complete details on everything you see here and more, call your Continental Insurance Agent.

You'll find him in the Yellow Pages.



The Continental Insurance Companies

Home Office: 80 Maiden Lane, New York, New York 10038

**Discount from developed premium; collision coverage only.
*Not available in all states.

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

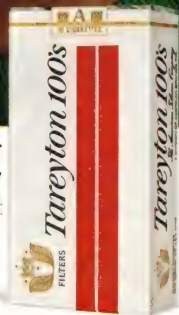


Tareyton is better Charcoal is why

Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste.
A taste no plain white filter can match.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, 100 mm. 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette. FTC Report Feb. '73



ECONOMY & BUSINESS

would pull their funds out of banks and S and Ls in order to buy higher-yielding Treasury bills or commercial paper, leaving the savings institutions with no money to lend at any price. The interest rate on 13-week Treasury bills has more than doubled in one year, to a record 8.32%. So the board decided to let banks pay whatever they had to in order to attract funds.

In essence, the board is trying to make credit scarcer and costlier without choking it off altogether. Loans are still available for a stiff price, but shortages are beginning to appear, and business borrowing is declining. Some Chicago banks will make loans only to longstanding corporate customers. A would-be new borrower is out of luck unless it happens to be a giant company. In July mortgage interest rates staged the fastest one-month rise ever and are now as high as 9% where state laws permit. Some S and Ls are raising down-payment requirements from 20% to as much as 33% and making mortgage loans for only 20 years instead of 25 or 30 years, in effect pricing that dream house out of reach for millions of Americans.

The dangers of tight money can be seen in Europe, where interest rates are higher than in the U.S. British banks

now charge as much as 12% on business loans, and West German banks had to pay interest equal to 35% a year on overnight loans from each other. Unable to borrow, four German real estate developers recently went belly up, and Economics Minister Hans Friderichs coldly said that collapses of "unsoundly financed" firms are "absolutely in the sense of our policy." No one expects the Federal Reserve to go that far; Burns in 1970 proved entirely willing to expand the money supply quickly when a credit crunch threatened to cause many U.S. bankruptcies. There is still a risk, however, that the board will make credit scarce and expensive enough to discourage not only excessive but also necessary borrowing and thus invite a recession. Burns rates that risk low: "as of today, I consider the talk of recession premature," he said last week. Indeed, he warned of even tighter money to come. "If the restrictive actions already taken by the Federal Reserve do not reduce growth of money and credit to an acceptable rate, further measures will be adopted." In order to restrain the boom without killing it, though, Burns and his colleagues will have to exercise exquisite timing and judgment in deciding just how rare and costly to let credit become.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR HIGHER INTEREST RATES

A Program for a Banking Free-for-All

If the Nixon Administration gets its way in Congress, banks and S and Ls could actually heighten their bidding for savings in the future—and broaden it into a battle to provide the most generous terms on mortgage loans, personal loans and checking accounts as well. That is the goal of a sweeping set of legislative proposals that the Treasury unfurled late last week. The Administration will ask Congress to:

- Abolish, over 5% years, all ceilings on the interest rates that banks and S and Ls can pay to savers. The savings institutions could then pay, even on ordinary passbook accounts, any rate that they thought necessary to attract money. They can do this now only on \$100,000 certificates of deposit, or \$1,000 CDs running four years or longer.

- Wipe out many of the distinctions between banks and S and Ls, permitting each to invade the other's turf. S and Ls, which now concentrate on making mortgage loans, could offer checking accounts, credit cards and consumer loans. Banks could accept savings accounts from corporations, which only S and Ls can do now, and would be encouraged to expand mortgage lending. Regulations on loan size and collateral that now restrict banks' mortgage lending would be eased.

- Encourage all lenders to make more money available to home buyers by granting a tax credit on income from

mortgage loans. In return, though, S and Ls would have to give up the special tax break that they now get by setting up larger tax-free reserves than banks can to cover bad debts.

- Permit banks and S and Ls to offer NOW accounts—checking accounts that pay interest—all over the country. At present, NOW accounts (for negotiable order of withdrawal) are available only from savings banks in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

If these reforms are approved, the consequences would be profound. President Nixon has said that "the increased competition that would follow should reduce the cost of the entire package of financial services for the consumer." Actually, interest rates are governed by a complex of factors: the strength of the economy and of loan demand, how much inflation borrowers and lenders expect, and how rapidly the Federal Reserve expands the nation's money supply. But rates would tend to be higher on savings because of the removal of ceilings, especially when money is tight. Rates also might be lower on loans to individuals because of the new rivalry between banks and S and Ls. Consumers would also gain one-stop shopping convenience. Instead of going to a bank for a checking account and auto loan, and to an S and L for a mortgage, the consumer could get all these services from the same institution. The propos-

als are also designed to ensure a steadier flow of loan funds to home buyers.

The Administration came to this position—first developed by a presidential commission that reported in 1971—by a circuitous route. The so-called Hunt Commission was appointed largely to study ways to prevent mortgage funds from drying up in periods of credit pinch. It concluded that the best method was to remove the ceilings on interest rates for savings, so that banks and S and Ls could more easily attract deposits. But that would entail wiping out an advantage that S and Ls had enjoyed: the ceilings have generally permitted them to pay about one half of 1% more than banks for savings accounts. So, the Administration decided, S and Ls had to be allowed to compete against banks in offering consumer loans and checking accounts.

S and L officials are not mollified. They fear that banks will outbid them for funds. Many small bankers are likely to join in opposition; they like having the Government hold down the interest that they can pay to savers while letting them charge whatever they can get for loans. Big banks, easily able to compete for both savers and borrowers, may well back the new policy. A hard fight is likely in Congress, although practically everybody concedes that the present banking apparatus is not working very well. The Administration's program offers enough potential benefit to the consumer to serve as a basis for change.

TRADE

"New Americans" for Europe

In elegant London clubs, members complain that the best French claret are being shipped overseas. In Paris salons, regular customers find that their favorite couturiers are giving strange foreign customers first peek at the latest styles. At the art and antique auctions all over Europe, as many as half of the choicest items are being bought by people who never showed their faces a few years ago. As the American tourist surge is beginning to level off, Europeans are bringing out their stale stories about rich Texans for a new breed of foreigners—the Japanese.

Increasingly ubiquitous, they are even freer spending than the Americans were in their heyday. At Dunhill, the sedate tobacconist in London, three winsome Japanese girls wait on the busloads of their countrymen who visit every day and walk away with the costliest pipes. (Americans usually buy the cheapest.) At the Pathek-Philippe factory in Geneva, Japanese queue up to buy watches for as much as \$5,000 apiece.

While the 250,000 Japanese tourists in Europe this summer evoke mixed emotions, the invasion by Japanese merchants causes major concern. They have captured 28% of Italy's motorcycle market and 48% of its tape-recorder

market. In West Germany, home of the Leica, half the cameras sold are Japanese. In the nine Common Market countries, the Japanese have cornered nearly three-quarters of the fast-growing sales of small electronic calculators. Sales of Japanese cars (368,000 units in Western Europe last year), steel, office machines and optical equipment are also rising considerably. Overall, Japanese exports to Western Europe jumped 35% last year. In only four years, the Common Market's trade deficit with Tokyo has grown from an almost invisible \$16 million to a very visible and, to Europeans, a very irritating \$1.3 billion. By contrast, the U.S.'s trade deficit with Japan is likely to decline from \$4.1 billion last year to some \$2.1 billion this year.

Like the Americans, the Japanese are buying and building factories all over Europe. One reason: international pressure on the Japanese to spread around their huge foreign currency reserves, which now stand at \$15 billion. Though there are scarcely 20 Japanese-managed manufacturers in Europe, the number could well jump to 200 by 1980, and hundreds of thousands of Europeans may be working for Japanese managers. According to some Common Market estimates, Japanese direct in-



TOYOTA PRESIDENT WITH SWISS HORN
The sometimes sweet sound of success.

vestment, now \$250 million, could rise to \$8.3 billion by 1980.

Old slogans have been reversed, and European labor—not Japanese—suddenly seems fairly cheap. Manufacturing costs in Japan rose 19% last year and are likely to go up another 30% this year. This wage inflation at home, coupled with the upward revaluation of the yen, makes manufacturing operations in Europe much more profitable than sending Japanese goods halfway round the world. A second reason for direct investment is that if the European

Making Zippers: All the Way with Y.K.K.

"They're bloody sociable, and they're fairer than English bosses... We pay them back by pulling our weight."

So says Lillian Gallagher, 41, a British housewife who earns \$50 a week as a packer at the Japanese-owned Y.K.K. zipper plant in Runcorn, 18 miles from Liverpool. Here is a rare testimonial in Britain, where labor and management often seem less interested in pulling

their weight than tearing each other apart. Yet in Runcorn the prevailing spirit is "All the way with Y.K.K."—the corporate initials of Yoshida, the Japanese firm that is the world's biggest zipper manufacturer.

Troubled by increasing costs and the three to six months' time that it took to ship zippers from Japan to the United Kingdom, Y.K.K. in 1969 invested \$3.5 million in a British plant. The gamble—it was the first direct Japanese manufacturing investment in Britain—has been a mighty success. The plant has never been hit by a strike or a slowdown. The 150 British employees (there are seven Japanese working at management level) voted down a unionization plan last year for fear that it might cost them their Christmas bonus. General Manager Hiroo Minami feels that there is basically no difference in performance between British workers and those in Japan.

Inside the plant, pop music throbs from loudspeakers while a multinational collection of American, West German, British and Japanese machines turn out 6,000,000 zippers a month. The machines whir under the usually watchful eyes of long-haired young men who are paid \$66.25 a week and, as one of

them puts it, "all the ale we can sink." All men employees wear Y.K.K.'s jackets, which have the company initials proudly displayed on the breast pocket and no fewer than six zippers on the front, the pockets and the cuffs.

Japanese-style corporate paternalism is strong. Y.K.K. provides cut-rate bus service for employees, and Minami is forever throwing morale-boosting, all-hands-welcome parties at the Esso Motel in Runcorn. After work on Fridays, the Japanese make a point of dropping into Tanner's Pub near the plant to socialize, and the British employees like to ask one another "What doing?"—in good-humored imitation of their bosses' awkward English.

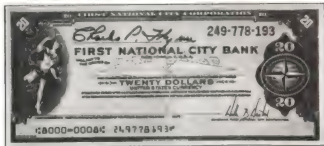
Tommy Hughes, an 18-year-old machine operator, complains that the Japanese "have vile tempers. As soon as something goes wrong, no matter how small, they act like little kids." But John Davies, 45, who represents the employees on the plant's Japanese-style "works committee," renders the final verdict: "We asked to finish at 4:30 p.m. instead of 5 on Friday; they gave us that. We asked for a Christmas holiday; they gave us that. We asked for a sickness scheme, and they gave us that too. These Japanese seem to understand us. I wouldn't want to work for an English firm again."



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YOUR CAR IS COVERED.
YOUR LIFE IS COVERED.**



PRESENTING: COVERED MONEY.



**HOW DO FIRST NATIONAL CITY
TRAVELERS CHECKS COVER
YOUR MONEY?**

Completely, that's how. 100% refund in case of loss, theft, fire, floods, storms, or mysterious disappearance.

**WHERE DO YOU GET FIRST NATIONAL CITY
TRAVELERS CHECKS?**

Ask for them at your bank—in your home town. In short, just about anywhere.

WHERE CAN YOU USE THEM?

At millions of places . . . airlines, hotels, motels,

restaurants, shops, and other retail and service establishments in the U.S. and all over the world.

WHAT DO YOU DO IF YOU LOSE THEM?

There are more than 35,000 bank offices in the U.S. and around the world where you can get them replaced on-the-spot.

HOW MUCH DO THEY COST?

A fee of one cent for a dollar's worth. Is there any better way to protect your money? Get full coverage before you take the shortest — or the longest trip — for business or pleasure . . . or if you keep emergency money in your wallet, at home or your office.

Ask for them at your bank.

First National City Travelers Checks.

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

trade deficit with Japan grows much larger, the Common Market may simply clamp on quotas or demand so-called voluntary restraints to keep Japanese goods out. Already those restrictions on Japanese products are much stricter in Europe than in the U.S. Says Michel Carré, a Brussels management consultant: "The Japanese are welcome abroad as investors, but not as pushers of Japanese goods."

The Japanese business success in Europe, as elsewhere, is the result of careful, detailed planning and attention to what the consumer wants. For example, automaking Toyota began its marketing drive in 1961. Analysts from all departments were sent abroad to collect information on weather conditions, life-styles, laws and regulations, income levels, road conditions, competition, driving habits and economic and political policies. To gain publicity and technical knowledge through competition with European cars, Toyota's export council ordered participation in international auto shows and rallies. Sales rose steadily—from 2,114 in 1964 to 59,019 in 1970 to 162,841 last year.

Gentler Pace. In Europe, West Germany is the biggest buyer of Japan's goods in general (almost \$1 billion worth last year), but Britain is likely to be the chief beneficiary of Japanese investment. Japanese find English the easiest European language to learn, and they savor the English way of life. Says Mitsui's Sadao Oba, one of the more than 4,000 Japanese businessmen living in greater London: "I like the quiet very much. I like the gentler pace of life." English employees in Japanese firms often return the compliment (see box previous page).

Like the Americans, the Japanese are discovering that success does not necessarily make them popular. In Britain, a Gallup poll shows that 37% of those questioned regard Japan as "an unfriendly country." On the cover of *Vision*, a European business monthly, the Japanese businessman was depicted as a belligerent, muscle-flexing superman. German executives do not like it that Japanese salaries are generally 10% to 30% higher than their own. The Japanese politely retort that their success is merited because they work harder to sell to Europeans than Europeans do to sell to them.

Indeed, it would be unfortunate if the economic rivalry led to a round of imprecations and protectionism. As the Nixon Administration's difficulties with Europe amply attest, the American challenge never did lead to the political domination that the French forecast in the 1960s. Instead, the U.S. commercial migration has yielded some healthy dividends, including new management and marketing techniques. By aiming to sell to the quarter-billion people who constitute the Common Market, the hard-hustling Japanese are likely to have a bracing impact as well on Europe's business.

EYECATCHERS

A Mystic at the IMF

Economists are often accused of indulging in mysticism: in the case of Hendrikus J. Witteveen (pronounced *Wit-uh-vain*) it is a simple statement of fact. A brilliant academic who twice was Finance Minister of The Netherlands, Witteveen is also a vice president of the Sufi movement, a Muslim sect that is dedicated to mysticism and to meditation.

Last week the modest and withdrawn Witteveen, 52, got a job in which he will have need of inner peace: he was appointed managing director of the 125-country International Monetary Fund. That body must construct a new world financial system to replace the one that has been destroyed by dollar devaluations.

The Nixon Administration blocked reappointment of Witteveen's predecessor, Pierre-Paul Schweitzer, a Frenchman, because U.S. officials felt that he had taken sides against the U.S. The monetary atmosphere, however, is becoming less testy. Last week an IMF committee representing 20 nations made much progress toward a consensus on outlines of a reformed system. Money men are optimistic that a written agreement on the bases of a new system can be approved at the IMF annual meeting next month.

The Rising Son-in-Law

Japan's Konosuke Matsushita, a peasant's son, built one of the world's largest companies by following his instincts. One of the shrewdest hunches came in 1940, when an aristocratic young banker caught Matsushita's eye. The gregarious businessman was so impressed with Masaharu Hirata that he not only arranged for him to marry his

only daughter but also adopted him as a son.

The new Matsushita joined the family firm, Matsushita Electric Industrial Company, and began studying *shachogaku* (the art of presidency). Now the elder Matsushita, 78, is stepping down after 55 years as chief executive. His position as chairman



WITTEVEEN



MASAHARU MATSUSHITA

will be filled by Arataro Takahashi, 70, but the power will be swung by Masaharu Matsushita, who will continue as president.

The shift promises to change the personality of the company. The elder Matsushita, an outspoken man who enjoys traditional tea ceremonies, ran the company (sales last year: \$3.9 billion) as a one-man show. Under Masaharu, 60, an introspective, analytical man who loves to spend free time golfing, managers will have greater autonomy. Says he: "I don't think top executives should allow themselves to be involved in the process of decision making for day-to-day operations. We have to think in a global context."

About half of Matsushita's 1972 exports of \$736 million went to the U.S., and Masaharu is confident that it will remain a huge customer. But if any slack develops, there is always the long-range potential of the market in China, which he will visit in September. "I'm sure," he says, "we will be only too happy to do what we can to help promote economic development in China."

Pete and the Petro-Dollars

"My calves were too fat. I couldn't click my heels." That was Peter G. Peterson's explanation of why, as Secretary of Commerce, he ran afoul of White House Strongmen H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Peterson was ungracefully let go last December, but the Administration's loss became investment banking's gain. The personable, witty Peterson, 47, has been named chairman of Wall Street's Lehman Brothers, succeeding Frederick Ehrman, 67, who is retiring. "Pete" Peterson, a master at arranging international deals, will speed Lehman's expansion in international finance. Among opportunities that he foresees: helping some

oil-rich Arab nations "invest all those petro-dollars," increasing foreign direct investment in the U.S., finding ways to step up trade with Eastern Europe.

He thinks that trade with Communist countries will "develop in some unconventional ways"—including joint ventures and bartering. "The problem is trying to arrange new kinds of deals, with private financing and a quick payout. The payout will not necessarily be in hard currency, but in products." Peterson, who still is solicited for advice by Henry Kissinger and Treasury Secretary George Shultz, expects that Lehman will help create and manage many such deals, "bringing money, people and ideas together."



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The Old Sod

A LOST LADY
by WILLA CATHER
177 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

Willia Cather was born 100 years ago. This novel, reissued in a handsome centenary edition, first appeared in 1923 when the author was 50 and doing her best work. H.L. Mencken had called her a great novelist. Edmund Wilson, a young whippersnapper in those days, conceded that she was one of the few who could bring "distinction" to the Middle West: "that meager and sprawling scene." Not even he was aware that at that very moment the post-World War I generation—Dos Passos, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, Faulkner—were sealing the door on Cather's kind of reverent regionalism.

Today, like Ellen Glasgow and Sherwood Anderson, Cather has her own persistent following. In addition, students are still required to read the chaste historical novels *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and *Shadows on the Rock* in high school English classes. Many sound things can be learned from Cather. Her writing was almost always serene and poised, and she had the ability—which perhaps cannot be taught—of making her prose move as fast as the action she was describing.

When Willia was eight, her family moved from Virginia to Nebraska. She considered those early years in the newly settled state the most important of her life. In 1880, Nebraska was still a pioneer society. Most people lived in sod houses. So many settlers from Scandinavia and Bohemia were arriving that Willia could go for days without hearing English spoken outside her house. She was wildly excited. To her, the prairie grass looked as if it were running; it seemed possible to hear the corn growing in the summer night. In the next eleven years, the frontier was to vanish. "The great-hearted adventurers" who opened the West were replaced by men "trained in petty economies." When Cather began to write, it was already with powerful nostalgia.

Spirit of Freedom. *A Lost Lady* is typical of the kind of prairie pastoral Cather did best. Through the eyes of a boy named Neil Herbert, it tells of the Forresters, a couple whose fortunes are tied to the railroads. Their house outside Sweetwater—one of the many fictional names Cather gave to her own town of Red Cloud—is known "from Omaha to Denver for its hospitality and for a certain charm of atmosphere." Neil is enchanted by young Marian Forrester. She wears the only earrings he has ever seen, allows herself a little wit and more than a little sherry.

Her much older husband says little but his manners are impeccable, as are

his dealings with the men he employs. When he dies after a hard illness, his wife coarsens and compromises herself. Her house is now the gathering spot for a group of sharp young traders, part of a new generation "who had never dared anything, never risked anything, and who would root out the great brooding spirit of freedom."

They desert her when she is aging and broke. That should probably be the end of the tale, but a coda finds Marian dying comfortably in Buenos Aires as the wife of a rich Englishman. It is a disastrous touch, the kind of thing that

novel its vitality: any detail about commerce, labor, manufacturing, cooking, clothing and above all, "physical sensations." To her an artist's "power of observation was but a low part of his equipment." She unfortunately limited her own work by filtering priceless powers of observation through a kind of rigid moral nostalgia.

As with many minor writers, her strength can be found in her weakness. She believed passionately in the old values of probity, discretion and charity, though she would probably have lumped them all under one of her favorite words: sanity. ■ Martha Duffy

Bringing Up Master

THE UNNATURAL HISTORY OF THE NANNY
by JONATHAN GATHORNE-HARDY
350 pages. Dial Press. \$8.95.

Jonathan Gathorne-Hardy does not suppose that the institution of the nanny explains every last twitch and twed of Englishness. But he does hold the reasonable view that the way a society cares for its young determines what the children, and thus the society, will be. And he believes no other group has insulated itself from its children quite like the British upper classes.

Becoming a nanny required a long, mental apprenticeship, beginning with a scrub brush on the nursery floor. In time, a girl with nanny-potential could move up to undernurse, then nurse, and finally full nanny. The author dates the flourishing of this system from about 1850, when the Industrial Revolution increased the wealthy class in England and pried a large population of potential servants loose from the land.

Victorian children, the author writes, were widely regarded as "little defective adults, sodden with original sin," which could only be squeezed out of them by cramping disciplines. One of nanny's first jobs was to institute rules and punishments regulating eating and elimination. All food on the plate had to be eaten, or it would appear at the next meal. Failure to perform potty at the proper hour (training began at six weeks) brought the certain retribution of laxative powder. Nannying appears to have provided parents with some peculiar satisfactions. As proof that the popularity of the system spread, the author has turned up a mid-19th century French newspaper ad asking for "Une gouvernante anglaise—méthodes drastiques."

It would be startling if nannying had not had a marked effect on the English character. The celebrated English unflappability is capsulized in the answer given in 1940 to a frightened two-year-old who asked about the loud noises he was hearing. "Bombs, dear," said Nanny. "Elbows off the table." The last thing



WILLA CATHER
Cosseted by convictions.

makes it hard, in the end, to take Cather seriously. Almost all her books drag on beyond their natural terminus, sometimes with two or three more stops. There is always some sentimental beneficence still to be dispensed, or worse, a moral toll to be exacted.

Though her best characters are women, Cather was wary of her sex. In *The Professor's House*, the melancholic hero—obviously speaking for the author—decides that Euripides spent his last years in a cave "because he had observed women closely all his life." Cather was also a prude. We are not told Marian Forrester drinks a little but merely get "the sharp odor of spirits." In *My Antonia*, the local lecher is obliquely indicated by the comment that he set a former housemaid up "in the business for which he had trained her."

Cather stuck by all these cossetting convictions. In an essay on fiction, she dismisses much of what has given the

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How might psychology have prevented the Vietnam war?

Why do many bright, capable women in business have a will to fail?

Can three people be happily married—to each other?

Does "the screaming" cure really work?

How can income tax forms be made foolproof?

Can a chimpanzee learn to read and write?

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BOOKS

a very drunk nanny-generation Englishman does before passing out, the author reports, "is to stagger round his room, frequently falling over, trying to fold up his clothes, put shoe trees in his shoes and finally, now probably being sick but despite this, cleaning his teeth."

The nanny effect goes deeper than surface mannerisms, however. Gathorne-Hardy, British journalist and novelist (*The Office*), is convinced that it is largely responsible for the excessive shyness and the difficulty in forming relationships that he detects among upper-class Englishmen. He offers the following psychological explanation: the nanny was the child's main source

of affection, attitudes toward child rearing have become less rigid. True nannying exists now only among the unassailably rich (*au pair* girls, of course, do not qualify as nannies). Yet, reports Gathorne-Hardy proudly, the nanny is going down with all flags flying. He offers as proof the following set-to between two nannies that occurred not long ago in London near the Albert Memorial:

"The Pryce-Jones nanny had wheeled herself behind the memorial and sat down on an empty bench. After a while an older nanny appeared, pushing a pram on which was painted a small gold coronet . . . At length the older nanny turned to the younger one,



NANNY & CHARGES IN HYDE PARK DURING HEAT WAVE, 1917

Learning to be extremely wary about giving love.

of security and affection during the early years of development. But very often the nanny left the household when the child was still small, to be replaced by another nanny who might also leave. The child eventually learned to be extremely wary about giving love.

The author also speculates that nannying had something to do with the English penchant for masochism, as well as the Victorian supposition that upper-class women lacked strong sexual desires. He reasons—though not too insistently—that because the mother was a distant and ethereal figure, the child came to identify the pleasures of fondling with his working-class nanny. From this point it is only a short hop to the wobbly conclusion that the nanny was largely responsible for Victorian gentlemen taking their sexual desires to whores and shopgirls while having only the most perfunctory sexual relationships with their own women.

But no matter. This is, of course, social history amusingly and ruefully remembered. Nannying declined as a way of life when World War II drained away much upper-class English wealth. In ad-

dition, and said, "Excuse me, Nanny, is your mummy a titled mummy?"

"Actually, no," said the Pryce-Jones nanny.

"You will excuse my mentioning it, Nanny, but this bench is reserved for titled mummies' nannies, Nanny."

—John Skow

Acres and Pains

GARDEN STATE

by JULIAN MOYNAHAN

282 pages, Little, Brown, \$6.95.

In his mid-40s, Howard Butler has acquired the anti-hero's stock repertoire of problems: dissolving marriage, dead-end advertising job in New York, rebellious teen-age daughter, losing bouts with the bottle. So he deserts his wife and exurban New Jersey home to run a tree nursery on a nearby ten acres.

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BOOKS

igible for commercial development, and Watchung has the town's most influential councilman in its pocket. Corporate triumph seems inevitable—until Howard Butler discovers that his outcast condition enables him to risk the heroic.

Julian Moynahan, who lives near Princeton and teaches English at Rutgers, knows his ground. Out of such unpromising material as New Jersey zoning laws and state statutes, he has fashioned a whimsical specimen of an up-and-coming subgenre: the eco-novel. The wealthy residents—Howard's ex-neighbors—want nothing to despoil the green splendor of their homes and three-acre lots. Less favored citizens want Watchung—because it will help to pay property taxes.

But the resolution sneaks between the dilemma's horns. Howard foils Watchung's design singlehandedly by accepting one bribe, passing on another, then telling all at the climactic town meeting. The spectacle of elected officials and corporate legal lizards cowering in ashen fear before a public recitation of their misdeeds seems sadly old-fashioned in this summer of '73. Plucky loners rarely stop corporations dead in their tracks, as Moynahan knows; the Watchung caper is a fictionally spiced version of several successful corporate moves into Princeton and environs in recent years. The novel's dedication ("To the Millstone River Valley and to the memory of lost green fields") marks it as a valedictory, but the plot refuses to say goodbye. In the course of telling the way it was, Moynahan veers wishfully into the way he thinks it should have been—an entertaining rejoinder thought up after the debate has ended.

• Paul Gray

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Breakfast of Champions, *Vonnegut (1 last week)*
- 2—Once Is Not Enough, *Suzann (2)*
- 3—Facing the Lions, *Wicker (3)*
- 4—The Billion Dollar Sure Thing, *Erdman (5)*
- 5—Harvest Home, *Tryon (4)*
- 6—The Hollow Hills, *Stewart (6)*
- 7—The Summer Before the Dark, *Lessing (8)*
- 8—The Odessa File, *Forsyth (7)*
- 9—Low And Order, *Uhls (9)*
- 10—The Hungarian Game, *Hayes (10)*

NONFICTION

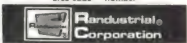
- 1—The Joy of Sex, *Comfort (1)*
- 2—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, *Atkins (2)*
- 3—Sybil, *Schreiber (3)*
- 4—Marilyn, *Maiter (5)*
- 5—My Young Years, *Rubinstein (4)*
- 6—How to Be Your Own Best Friend, *Newman & Berkowitz (7)*
- 7—The Sovereign State of ITT, *Sampson (9)*
- 8—Weight Watchers Program Cookbook, *Nideich (6)*
- 9—Laughing All the Way, *Howar (8)*
- 10—1'm O.K., You're O.K., *Harris (10)*

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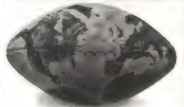
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Professionals in the Pit

Overwhelmed by the tense, frenetic atmosphere and enormous work load in the hospital emergency room, many doctors view duty in what they call the "pit" as a form of cruel and unusual punishment; others regard it as a purgatory through which they must pass on the way to a more relaxed form of practice. But Dr. Gaius Clark, 40, of Lansing, Mich., loves every minute of it. "It is an exciting type of medicine," he says of his full-time work in the emergency room at Lansing's St. Lawrence Hospital. "You are under a great deal of stress, making all sorts of life-and-death decisions at the same time. It is stimulating and challenging."

Clark is typical of an evolving breed of doctor—the professional emergency-room physician—who is beginning to replace the inexperienced interns, overworked residents or unlicensed foreign doctors still used by most U.S. hospitals to staff their emergency departments. A growing number of hospitals, recognizing the increasing demand for emergency care, are turning to specialists like Clark for ER coverage. As a result, they are providing their patients with far better care—and actually saving money—by increasing the efficiency of their emergency-room operation.

Some hospitals are making the switch by appointing a director of emergency services and providing him with a budget to hire his own staff. Others are taking advantage of a recent development in health-care delivery and contracting with medical corporations to cover their ERs.

St. Joseph Hospital in suburban Burbank, Calif., has hired the four-doctor Burbank Emergency Medical Group to run its emergency depart-

ment. Four Chicago-area hospitals rely on an eight-year-old organization called Medical Emergency Service Associates (MESA) for their ER coverage. MESA has 40 full- and part-time physicians to assign. Each doctor makes his own financial arrangements with his patients (the average charge is \$12), but the fees are paid to MESA, which pays its members by the hour rather than on a fee-for-service arrangement.

None of the new emergency-care corporations seems to have any trouble attracting doctors. Many young physicians welcome the guaranteed salaries, regular hours and scheduled vacations that characterize full-time ER work. Some are even more attracted by the psychic rewards that emergency medicine offers. "I like the type of medicine where the pathology is often critical and what I do is often crucial," says Dr. Ellen Taliaferro, 33, who helped form a group that provides service to hospitals in Santa Monica and Inglewood, Calif. "It makes me feel very good that I make a difference."

Most emergency physicians share Dr. Taliaferro's feeling. At the same time, they recognize that their profession also has its limitations. "We are specialists in breadth, rather than depth," says Dr. Jerry Hughes, 35, a Viet Nam veteran who serves as director of emergency services at St. Mary's Long Beach Hospital in California. "I may open a patient's chest to massage his heart, but it's the cardiac surgeon who is going to put in the plastic aorta. Our job is to keep the patient alive."

To make sure that Hughes and his colleagues can carry out that aim, many schools are expanding their training for emergency physicians. Two years ago, there were only three residency programs in emergency medicine in the

U.S. Now 15 institutions offer such training (although the University of Southern California still has the nation's only full-fledged department of emergency medicine). Other efforts are also under way to upgrade emergency care. The 4,000-member American College of Emergency Physicians has already won the provisional imprimatur of the A.M.A.; the college hopes to have emergency medicine recognized as a separate specialty.

Most doctors believe that such recognition is likely. The nation's 7,500 emergency physicians have already shown that they can provide more and better care to patients than most hospitals now offer. There is an increasing demand for that care. Last year some 60 million Americans sought treatment at hospital emergency rooms. This year the figure is expected to grow by another 6,000,000.

Capsules

► Like Chemie Grünenthal, the German firm that developed thalidomide, Britain's giant Distillers Co. still denies that it was negligent in marketing the drug. But last week, after long legal battles, the company did accept responsibility for the children born deformed after their mothers took the drug, which was prescribed as a tranquilizer during pregnancy. With the approval of Britain's High Court, Distillers finally agreed to set aside \$50 million to compensate 433 victims of the drug and their families. Under the settlement, \$15 million will be distributed immediately and \$35 million placed in trust to assure lifelong care for the victims, some of whom will never be able to care for themselves.

► The most widely recognized hazard to participants in the country's fastest-growing sport is epicondylitis, or tennis elbow (TIME, May 14). Now a New York City physician has identified still another threat to tennis players. Writing in the *Archives of Dermatology*, Dr. Richard C. Gibbs reports that he has been treating an increasing number of players with "tennis toes." The condition is characterized by the discoloration of toenails—usually on the longest toes—which turn bluish-violet. Sometimes they even come off. It is caused, Gibbs says, by hemorrhaging that occurs beneath the toenail when the player stops abruptly; the forward motion of his body slams his feet into the tips of his sneakers with enough force to bruise tissue and rupture small blood vessels. Tennis toes are somewhat painful, but the average tennis player plays on. For those seeking treatment, Gibbs recommends cold compresses and rest. Actually, it is easier to prevent the problem. All a player has to do is wear soft-toed tennis shoes.

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